

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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No. 2299.—VOL. LXXXII.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1883.

TWO SIXPENCE.
WHOLE SHEETS By Post, 6½d.



1. His Royal Highness, as Grand Master of Freemasons, testing the stone with his mallet.

2. Masonic Procession.

3. The Building.

THE PRINCE OF WALES LAYING THE MEMORIAL-STONE OF THE INDIAN INSTITUTE AT OXFORD,

BIRTH.

On the 9th inst., at North Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne, the wife of Henry P. Swan, of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On March 14, at St. Mark's Church, Sydney, N.S.W., by the Rev. Thomas Kemmies, M.A., Alexander Forbes Angus, of Footscow, China, second son of the late John Angus, advocate, town clerk of the City of Aberdeen, to Miriam Adelaide (Minnie), elder daughter of the Hon. Samuel A. Joseph, Member of the Legislative Council, N.S.W.

DEATHS.

On the 6th inst., at Sidmouth, Devon, Samuel Read, Member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours.

On March 20, at Maritzburg, Natal, Annie Christina Sophia (née Otto), the wife of J. J. Sewell, eldest son of Joseph Sewell, of Cirencester, in her 41st year.

* The charge for the insertion of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, is Five Shillings for each announcement.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING MAY 19.

SUNDAY, MAY 13.	
Whit Sunday.	Westminster Abbey, 10 a.m., Rev. Dr. Geikie; 3 p.m., the Dean, Dr. Bradley; 7 p.m., Rev. H. Bickersteth, for Society for Propagation of the Gospel.
Moon's First Quarter, 10.54 p.m.	St. James's, noon, probably Rev. D. Moore.
Morning Lessons: Deut. xvi. 1-18; Rom. viii. 1-18. Evening Lessons: Isaiah xi. or Ezek. xxxvi. 25; Gal. v. 16 or Acts xvi. 24-29.	Whitehall, 11 and 3, Rev. F. Paget.
St. Paul's Cathedral, 10.30 a.m., the Dean, Dr. Church; 3.15, Rev. Canon Stubbs; 7 p.m., Rev. N. Ogilvy.	Savoy, 11.30 a.m., Rev. A. Johnson; 7 p.m., Rev. Dr. Stokoe.
MONDAY, MAY 14.	
Whitsun Monday. Bank holiday.	York Agricultural Show (two days).
TUESDAY, MAY 15.	
Whitsun Tuesday.	Gresham Lecture, 6 p.m., Dr. H. Wyld on Music (four days).
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor McKendrick on Physiological Discovery.	Civil Engineers' Institution, 8 p.m. British Archaeological Association, 8.
WEDNESDAY, MAY 16.	
Botanic Society, Summer Exhibition, 2 p.m.	London Dialectical Society, 8 p.m., Rev. G. Farson on Professor Seeley's Natural Religion.
Hibbert Lectures, St. George's Hall, 5 p.m., Rev. C. Beard on the Reformation.	Bankers' Institute, annual meeting.
Oxfordshire Agricultural Show, Bicester (two days).	Meteorological Society, 7 p.m.
THURSDAY, MAY 17.	
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor Tyndall on Count Rumford.	Chemical Society, 8 p.m., paper by Captain Abney.
Numismatic Society, 7 p.m.	Historical Society, 8 p.m.
FRIDAY, MAY 18.	
Royal Institution, 8 p.m., Professor C. E. Turner on Domestic Industry in the Villages of Russia, 9 p.m.	United Service Institution, 8 p.m., Colonel G. G. Walker on Musketry Training of the Militia.
Alexandra Park Horse Show (four days).	Philological Society, anniversary, 8.
SATURDAY, MAY 19.	
Royal Institution, 3 p.m., Professor C. Turner on Russian Social Life.	Artists' General Benevolent Fund, anniversary dinner, Willis's Rooms—Sir Stafford Northcote in the chair.
New Thames Yacht Club, opening trip.	Botanic Society, lecture, 4 p.m.

THE WEATHER.

RESULTS OF METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS AT THE KEW OBSERVATORY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Lat. 51° 28' 6" N.; Long. 0° 15' 47" W. Height above Sea, 34 feet.

DAY.	DAILY MEANS OF					THERMOM.		WIND.		Miles.	In.
	Barometer Corrected.	Temperature of the Air.	Dew Point.	Relative Humidity.	Amount of Cloud.	Maximum read at 10 P.M.	Minimum read at 10 A.M.	General Direction.	Movement in 24 hours, read at 10 A.M. next morning.		
29 Apr	29.469	51.8	45.5	80	0-10	61.4	48.8	N.W. SW.	122	0.000	0.000
30	29.666	50.2	38.7	67	6	59.5	41.8	WSW. E.	143	0.000	0.000
1 May	29.742	48.5	36.7	71	9	59.3	42.1	N.E.	425	0.000	0.000
2	29.875	42.9	33.0	71	9	47.8	39.4	N.	354	0.000	0.000
3	29.796	43.4	33.5	70	8	51.3	37.9	N.	190	0.020	0.000
4	29.815	40.7	29.7	69	7	47.5	31.6	N.	205	0.000	0.000
5	29.807	42.7	32.4	69	6	53.5	31.8	N.E.	241	0.000	0.000

The following are the readings of the meteorological instruments for the above days, in order, at ten o'clock a.m.:

Barometer (in inches) corrected	29.430	29.678	29.717	29.882	29.802	29.833	29.822
Temperature of air	52.1	50.2	47.3	44.7	46.9	44.2	43.3
Temperature of surface	52.1	50.2	47.3	44.7	46.9	44.2	43.3
Temperature of Evaporation	49.1	46.5	47.1	39.3	41.2	39.1	38.4
Direction of Wind	N.W.	W.	N.E.	N.	N.	N.E.	N.

WHITSUNTIDE ARRANGEMENTS.—LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—EXTENSION OF TIME FOR RETURN TICKETS for distances over Ten Miles.
EXTRA TRAINS (1st, 2nd, and 3rd Class) from London, on Saturday, May 12; Returning the following Monday and Tuesday.

PARIS.—SPECIAL CHEAP EXCURSION.—Leaving London Bridge 9.10 a.m. and 8.0 p.m.; Victoria 9.0 a.m. and 7.50 p.m., and Kensington 8.40 a.m. and 7.15 p.m., Saturday, May 12; Returning from Paris any day up to and including May 25.
Fares—First Class, 36s.; Second Class, 27s.

PORTSMOUTH AND ISLE OF WIGHT.—CHEAP TRAINS. Saturday, May 12, to Havant and Portsmouth, from Victoria 1.0 p.m., and London Bridge 2.30 p.m.; Returning the following Tuesday.

A CHEAP TRAIN on Whit Sunday, from London Bridge 8.0 a.m., calling at New-croft, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 7.50 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction, to Arundel, Littlehampton, Bognor, Chichester, Havant, and Portsmouth; Returning same day.

A CHEAP TRAIN, Whit Monday, from London Bridge and Victoria 7.30 a.m., to Havant and Portsmouth.
Return Fares between London and Portsmouth Town and Havant, 7s. 6d., 6s.; Portsmouth Harbour, 8s., 5s. 6d.

HASTINGS, ST. LEONARDS, and EASTBOURNE.—A CHEAP TRAIN on Whit Sunday from London Bridge 8.10 a.m., calling at New-croft, Norwood Junction, and Croydon; and from Victoria 8.0 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.

A CHEAP TRAIN on Whit Monday, from London Bridge 7.40 a.m., calling at New-croft and Croydon; and from Victoria 7.30 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction.
Fare, there and back, 6s.

BRIGHTON.—EVERY SUNDAY, a CHEAP FIRST-CLASS TRAIN from Victoria 10.45 a.m., calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon. Day Return Tickets, 10s.

SPECIAL CHEAP TRAINS on Whit Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday, from London Bridge, calling at New-croft; from Victoria, calling at Clapham Junction and Croydon.
Fare, there and back, 4s.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FREQUENT DIRECT TRAINS daily to the Crystal Palace from London Bridge, New-croft; also from Victoria, York-road, Kensington (Addison-road), West Brompton, and Chelsea.

For full particulars of Times, Fares, &c., see Handbills and Time-Books to be had at all Stations, and at 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly; 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar-square; and Hays Agency, 4, Royal Exchange-buildings, Cornhill; where Tickets may be obtained.
(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.
THE
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS

ENTIRELY NEW AND MAGNIFICENT ENTERTAINMENT ON
EVERY ITEM IN THE PROGRAMME NEW.

EXTRA GRAND DAY PERFORMANCES WILL BE GIVEN ON WHIT MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at Three, in addition to the regular Performances.

WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.—ST. JAMES'S HALL.
THE
MOORE and BURGESS MINSTRELS will give Special

DAY PERFORMANCES of their new and glorious Entertainment on WHIT MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY, at Three, in addition to the regular Performances.

EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT. EVERYTHING NEW.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT,
ST. GEORGE'S HALL, Langham-place. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain. TWICE ON WHIT MONDAY, at Three and Eight. A new First Part, entitled A MOUNTAIN HEIRESS; and a new Musical Sketch, by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled OUR MESS. Morning Performances—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at Three; Evenings—Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Admission, 1s. and 2s.; Stalls, 5s. and 6s. No fees.

INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS,

The SIXTY-FIFTH EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s. Illustrated Catalogue, 1s.

SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.—SIXTIETH

ANNUAL EXHIBITION now OPEN, from Nine to Six Daily, at the Suffolk-street Galleries, Pall-Mall East. Admission, 1s.

THE NINETEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF

OIL PAINTINGS by Artists of the BRITISH and FOREIGN SCHOOLS is NOW OPEN at THOMAS MCLEAN'S GALLERY, 7, Haymarket. Admission 1s., including Catalogue.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER

COLOURS.—The NINETEENTH EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, 5, Pall-Mall East, from Ten till Six. Admission, 1s.; Illustrated Catalogue, 1s.

DORE'S GREAT WORKS.—"ECCE HOMO" ("Full of

divine dignity."—The Times) and "THE ASCENSION." "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," "CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM," with all his other Great Pictures.—DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond-street. Daily, 10 to 6. 1s.

TINWORTH EXHIBITION, ART GALLERIES,

Upwards of One Hundred subjects from the Bible, in Terra-Cotta and Doulton Ware, including "The Release of Barabbas," "Preparing for the Crucifixion," "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," and "Going to Calvary."

DRAWING-ROOM, EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.

AN EXHIBITION OF A SELECTION OF AMERICAN WATER COLOURS AND ETCHINGS WILL OPEN ON WHIT MONDAY, May 14.

The Pictures for this Exhibition have been specially chosen from the studios of the Artists in America by Hamlet S. Philpot, M.A. (Oxon.). Admission, One Shilling.

LYCEUM.—Last Fifteen Nights of MUCH ADO

ABOUT NOTHING.—Mr. Irving, in accordance with his promise to produce in succession each of the plays in which the Lyceum Company will appear in America, begs to announce the last nights of MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, and the last appearances of Mr. Henry Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and the Lyceum Company previous to their absence of ten months from London. MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING at Eight o'clock. Benedick, Mr. Irving; Beatrice, Miss Ellen Terry. MORNING PERFORMANCES (last two), MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING, SATURDAY NEXT, MAY 19, and SATURDAY, MAY 20. This Saturday Evening, and Saturday Evenings, May 19 and 20, THE BELLS will be performed. Mathias, Mr. Irving. Box Office (Mr. Hurst) open Ten to Five.

MASKELYNE and COOKE.—EGYPTIAN HALL.—At

Every Entertainment until further notice Mr. MASKELYNE will perform the CABINET MYSTERIES of the celebrated DAVENPORT BROTHERS, clearly showing how the whole of the seemingly impossible feats are accomplished. For further particulars see daily papers.

HORSE SHOW.—AGRICULTURAL HALL, Islington.

Entries close May 14. SHOW OPEN MAY 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, June 1. Prize-Lists and Forms of Entry may be had on application to the Office, Barnard-street, N. By order, S. STURGE, Secretary and Manager, Agricultural Hall Company (Limited). The Great Eastern and Great Northern Railway Companies will convey Horses from the Show at Half Rates, if unsold; Attendants Free each way.

POSTAGE FOR FOREIGN PARTS THIS WEEK,

MAY 12, 1883.

The publication of the Thin Paper Edition of the ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS being for the present week suspended, subscribers will please to notice that copies of this Number forwarded abroad must be prepaid according to the following rates:—Twopence to Africa (West Coast of), Alexandria, Australia, Austria, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Cape of Good Hope, China (via United States), Constantinople, Denmark, France, Germany, Gibraltar, Greece, Holland, Italy, Jamaica, Mauritius, New Zealand, Norway, Russia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, United States of America; and Threepence to China (via Brindisi) and India.

Newspapers for foreign parts must be posted within eight days of the date of publication.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

LONDON: SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1883.

Yesterday Parliament adjourned for the Whitsun holidays. Since the Easter recess public business has made very slow progress, and the Government are in a position of greater embarrassment than they were six weeks ago. Their most elaborate measure, the bill providing for a metropolitan municipality, has not yet seen the light, and may be regarded as shelved for the Session. The Tenants' Right Bill, which proposes to secure to the occupiers of the soil compensation for unexhausted improvements, was only introduced on Thursday, and will, of course, be exhaustively discussed. The opponents of the Government will find much to say on the Ballot Bill, and still more on the scheme for abating corrupt practices at elections, which is regarded with much secret disfavour by many hon. members. The two Standing Committees have been most diligent and business-like in elaborating the details of the Bankruptcy Bill and the Criminal Appeals Bill, both which have to be considered by the House as well as by the Upper Chamber. It is possible that these two measures will eventually pass; but the Criminal Code Bill, which is specially obnoxious to Mr. Parnell and his colleagues, is not likely to be submitted this year to the Committee on Law and Jurisprudence. Supply being in a very backward state, several nights will be required for the consideration of the Estimates, some of which are to be fiercely contested by the Irish Nationalists. And, although immediately after Whitsuntide, Ministers will claim Tuesdays, if not Fridays, from private members, they cannot prevent motions for adjournment, restrain the volume of needless talk on Government nights, nor avert that kind of insidious obstruction with which no Rules of Procedure are able to deal.

The disadvantages under which her Majesty's Ministers will enter upon the third period of the Session have not been lessened by the issue of last week's great conflict. The fortnight of precious time consumed in the prolix debate on the Affirmation Bill, which they felt bound by a sense of duty to introduce, was followed by the largest division of the present Parliament. In a House of 581 members, the bill was thrown out by a majority of three, amid a scene of wild excitement. This troublesome question is thus shelved for the Session, to the relief of a Government that was driven to take it up. A small majority in their favour would only have wasted time, without the smallest chance of the bill being transformed into an Act. But the most powerful Government of recent times has been defeated in a pitched battle, in spite of strenuous efforts and unsurpassed eloquence of its chief. Though it has been pointed out that a majority of the English and Scotch members (288 to 225) voted in favour of the Affirmation Bill, while 89 out

of 105 Irish representatives, mostly Roman Catholics, either opposed the Bill or were absent from the division, it is undeniable that the prestige of the Government has been impaired by the success of this combination of English Conservatives and Irish Liberals and Home Rulers, the consequences of which will probably be felt during the remainder of the Session and at any chance elections that may take place.

Last Saturday's banquet preceding the opening of the Royal Academy, if not more important than the strife of political parties, is a more congenial theme. At the hospitable board, where Sir Frederick Leighton so gracefully presided, Earl Granville forgot the anxieties of the belated statesman in his jocose vindication of the Cabinet as the friendly interpreter of artistic wishes. The Government, he said—and probably the Minister of no other European State could make so unique a declaration—had maintained towards the Academy, as it expressly desired, "an attitude of masterly and friendly inactivity," and had removed the statue of the Duke of Wellington from "a ridiculous position." On the whole, the speaking at Burlington House was marked by the same characteristics as the Exhibition now open—it was varied, agreeable, and informing, but not marked by profound originality, or by flashes of genius. The growing influence and popularity of art, on which we remarked last week, was the burden of the polished speech of Dean Bradley, who contrasted its neglect half a century ago, except in "the narrow and limited circle" of the "highly cultivated and highly placed," with the position which art now occupies in the affections of the English nation, and as an essential in liberal education. Probably the diffusion of musical taste has been even more rapid; and it was only natural that the Prince of Wales should invoke sympathy on behalf of the Royal College of Music, of which he is not only President, but the most influential supporter. The formal opening of that institution by his Royal Highness on Monday, in a speech which illustrates the strength of his interest in musical progress, was followed by the appropriate announcement that, in commemoration of the event, the honour of knighthood is to be conferred upon Mr. George Grove, the first director of the College; Mr. Arthur Sullivan, the eminent composer; and Professor Macfarren, the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music. The recognition in the last-named musician of the claims of a sister and, in a sense, rival school is a peculiarly gracious act.

The policy of "colonial expansion," which is just now so much in favour with our French neighbours, threatens to lead to untoward results. It is possible that the expedition to Tonquin, which has recently been dispatched from Marseilles, may induce the King of Annam to concede the demands of M. Ferry's Cabinet, without offering a prolonged resistance and bringing China into the field. At present we hear nothing of the scheme for establishing a Protectorate over Madagascar, though it is probably only in abeyance, and may have been postponed in consequence of the cordial reception of the Malagasy Envoys at Berlin. On the Congo, however, matters have reached a serious crisis. Not only has the captain of a French gunboat hauled down the flag of the International Association, under whose auspices Mr. Stanley has been prosecuting his explorations for the benefit of the whole civilised world, but he has occupied, in the name of his country, Ponta Negra and Loango, stations claimed by the Portuguese. Whether or not there will be a conflict between Mr. Stanley and M. de Brazza, a collision is imminent between the French expedition and the natives whose territory is claimed by the Gallic adventurer. No doubt our neighbours have as much right to extend their dominions as ourselves, and their papers are sarcastic at our complaints of aggressions on the Congo and in Madagascar, while we are preparing quietly to annex the great island continent of New Guinea. But they seem to miss the point of our grievance. It is that they should claim a considerable section of the great water-way to the interior of Africa as an exclusive monopoly. This is a high-handed course of policy, against which other nations have a clear right to protest.

The case of Mr. Field, the Dublin juror, vividly illustrates the terrible consequences that may ensue by provoking the enmity of assassination gangs in Ireland. This unfortunate tradesman, while serving as a special juror last November in one of the murder trials, was seen to communicate with Mr. Norris Goddard, who is not popular with the Leaguers. The fact—which was simply a message to his shop assistants relative to his absence from business—was conspicuously commented on by the incendiary press, and speedily followed by the murderous assault by which his life was endangered. Ever since he has been "dragging out a miserable existence." His house has been guarded by the police, his household have been threatened, his business (which yielded some £400 a year) is gone, and he is obliged to decide upon leaving the country and starting anew in life. For the injuries he has received, Mr. Field claims £10,000 compensation under the Crimes Act, and the matter awaits the decision of the Lord Lieutenant. Such is, or was, life in the capital of Ireland, where Mr. Parnell would fain establish an independent Parliament!

ECHOES OF THE WEEK.

It is with the deepest regret that I record the death, in childbirth, of Florence, wife of Colonel Sir Owen Lanyon, C.B., K.C.M.G. The melancholy event took place on the morning of the sixth of May, at the residence, in Grosvenor-street, of the late Lady Lanyon's father, Mr. J. M. Levy. A terrible blow has been dealt to a gallant soldier and a singularly united family. Miss Florence Levy had been married to Sir Owen Lanyon only nine months and some few days, and the very day after the wedding the young bride had to bid farewell to her husband, who had been ordered off to the Egyptian campaign. She has now been suddenly snatched away from a life full of promise of prosperity and happiness. Deeply beloved by her kindred, the amiable, winning, and tenderly sympathetic nature of Florence, Lady Lanyon, had endeared her to all who were privileged to enjoy her society.

The House of Lords have rejected by ninety-one to sixty-seven votes the motion of the Earl of Dunraven (seconded by Viscount Powerscourt) for opening the national museums and picture galleries in the metropolis on Sunday. The noble proposer was willing to accept an amendment, moved by Lord Stanley of Alderley, to the effect that the galleries should not be thrown open until after two o'clock on the Sabbath day; but the majority of the Lords would have nought of Lord Dunraven's motion, and threw it out.

Some curious statements were made by the opponents of the proposed resolution. The venerable Earl of Shaftesbury, for example, quoted statistics to show that in Birmingham intoxication had increased since 1876, the year when the galleries there were first opened on Sundays. This is a contention which may safely be left to the citizens of the Midland Metropolis to deal with. The Birmingham people are a remarkably shrewd, hard-headed, and logical folk; and, if the Municipality find that the Sunday opening of their noble Free Public Library and Art Gallery has really led to an appreciable increase of drunkenness in the town, they will no doubt hasten to close those institutions on the Sabbath. What do you say, Mr. Sam Timmins, J.P.?

Another noble Sabbatarian denied the analogy between the Sunday opening of such places as Kew Gardens, Hampton Court Palace, and the Painted Hall at Greenwich Hospital, and the Sunday opening of the London museums and picture galleries. His Lordship saw no harm in people resorting on Sunday to the public parks and gardens for the purpose of walking about and looking at the flowers. But the chief attractions at Hampton Court are scarcely the Maze and Queen Mary's Vinery. The working classes flock on Sunday into the Palace itself, to see the magnificent gallery of pictures, the cartoons of Raffaele, and Wolsey's Great Hall. At Greenwich there is no garden at all. People are attracted thither by the pictures of sea-fights, the portraits of naval heroes, and the uniform worn by Nelson at Trafalgar. To be commonly consistent, the Sabbatarians should insist on the Sunday closure of the picture galleries at Hampton Court and Greenwich.

The decision of the Lords should be rather rejoiced at than found fault with by those who are anxious to see this much-vexed Sunday question settled on a permanent basis. One of the many bills now in Parliament for the entire closing of public-houses on the Sabbath will in all probability be passed during the ensuing if not during the present Session. When such a measure becomes law, it will be necessary (in order to prevent Sunday "Go-to-Church" mobs and window-smashing) to close all the West-End Clubs on Sunday. To a nobleman or gentleman his club is to all intents and purposes a tavern; and he would clearly have no right to "use" his club on the day that the licensed houses are shut in the faces of the public at large.

There is an immense amount of vehicular locomotion on Sunday; and that locomotion, if the public-houses are closed, should surely be put down. If people wish to walk to church or chapel let them walk thither. If it rain, are there no umbrellas? It would be shameful to force so many thousands of cabmen, omnibus and tram-car drivers and conductors, engine-drivers, guards, ticket-collectors, and porters to labour on Sunday, could it be shown that the greater portion of their toil is due to the desire of the worldly-minded portion of the community to amuse themselves on the Sabbath. Let us have a thoroughly consistent, logical, and impartial Sunday law. Shut up the shops of all the news-vendors, the confectioners, the penny ice sellers, the fruiterers, and the tobacconists. In particular, be careful to prohibit the pernicious practice of Sunday baking. The custom, too common among the working-classes, of sending on Sunday morning to the baker's oven a piece of meat, with potatoes or a batter-pudding under it, is not only immoral, but is directly inimical to the spread of a knowledge of domestic cookery among the poor. Besides, on Sunday, everybody should be content with a cold dinner.

I read in the *Times*, in a leading article on the familiar (and important) subject of beef and mutton, as follows:—

The well-known exordium of Mrs. Glasse's treatise upon the proper rendering a hare shows what the actual and undisputed possession of the prize was thought of in those days.

I will say nothing of the ungrammatical and inelegant "proper rendering a hare," for the simple reason that I often write very ungrammatically and very inelegantly myself. It is with a plain matter of fact that I have to deal. It is easy, even from the circumlocutory phraseology in which the paragraph which I have quoted is framed, to draw the inference that the writer thinks that Mrs. Glasse had spoken of "the actual and undisputed possession of a hare" as a thing to be prized. Practically, the writer in the *Times* has once more given currency to the old apocryphal and long-since-exploded "First Catch your Hare" story.

There is no "exordium" whatever to Mrs. Glasse's directions for roasting a hare. In the interests of plain cooking I may as well give the recipe from "The Art of Cookery made Plain and Easy; which far Exceeds any Thing of the Kind yet Published. By a Lady. London: Printed for the Author and Sold by Mrs. Ashburn, a China Shop Woman, Corner of Fleet Ditch, MDCCXLVII." :—

Take your Hare when it is cas'd, and make a Pudding. Take a Quarter of a Pound of Sewet, as much Crumb of Bread, a little Parsley shred fine, and about as much Thyme as will lie on a Sixpence; when shred an Anchovy shred small; a very little Pepper and Salt, some Nutmeg, two Eggs and a little Lemon Peel. Mix all this together and put it into the Hare. Sew up the Belly, spit it, and put it to the Fire, which must be a very good one. Your Dripping-pan must be very clean and nice. Put two Quarts of Milk and half a Pound of Butter into the Pan; keep basting all the while it is roasting with the Butter and Milk till the Whole is used, and your Hare will be enough. You may mix the Liver with the Pudding if you like it. You must first parboil it, and then chop it fine.

There is nothing whatever about "first catching your hare" here. To "case" a hare means the flaying and disembowelling of the carcass (see "Bailey's Dictionary"). "We'll make you some sport with the foe ere we case him."—"All's Well that End Well," III. 6. I have seen it stated that in some modern editions of Mrs. Glasse, "caught" appears as a misprint for "cas'd"; but my recipe is quoted from the First Edition, printed and published under the immediate supervision of the excellent Hannah.

Mem.: This is not the first, and probably it may be the sixth time, that I have drawn attention in this page to the inaccuracy of the "First Catch your Hare" story; and I have probably seen the apocryphal *not* cited in many hundreds of essays and leading articles. Nor have I the slightest doubt that it will continue to be quoted in many hundreds of reviews, essays, and leading articles yet to be written. There is a mental condition recognised by the theologians of an Ancient Creed as "invincible ignorance"; and a similar condition of mind leads to the perpetuation of the "Catch your Hare" quotation.

A correspondent ("G. I. A.") at Wanganui, New Zealand, is anxious to obtain some information respecting Caspar Hauser. The fullest account of the mysterious "party" in question is in the entertaining "Tracts" (I have them not, and forget their full title), originally published nearly two years ago, I should say, by Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh. Caspar Hauser, if I remember aright, had a whole tract to himself, in one of the earlier volumes of the series.

Native journalism in India seems to be progressing at a very remarkable rate of speed. In a late contempt of court case at Calcutta, an incriminated article in a native newspaper called *Brahmo Public Opinion* began thus: "Mr. Justice — is determined to set the Hooghly on fire. The last act of *jubberdhusti* (high-handedness on his Lordship's part) was the bringing of a *saligram* into court for identification."

A *saligram*, it would seem, is a Brahminical idol; and it was owing to very curious circumstances that the image found its way into the High Court of Calcutta. An administrative suit had been for a long time pending; and the litigants were two brothers, Hindus. *Pendente lite*, a question arose as to the identity of a "saligram," or stone image of the Thakoor, or household god. One of the brothers contended, while the other denied, that an idol, said to be in the house of a Brahmin, by the name of Bhuttock Nat Pundit, was the idol in question; so counsel for both parties suggested that the "saligram" in question should be brought into court for examination by the Judge. His Lordship hesitated to take the course proposed until he had consulted the attorneys in the case, who were both Hindus. They could not see that there was anything objectionable in the Thakoor coming into court. Then the Judge sought the opinion of the Court interpreter, who is a functionary of long experience and a high-caste Brahmin. This official held that it would be improper to bring the household god into the court itself, as the floor thereof was covered with coir matting, but that there would not be the slightest harm in bringing it into the corridor outside. Thither it was conveyed; and there it was inspected by the Judge, attended by the counsel and attorneys for the plaintiff and the defendant. Oddly edifying to European ears, this "Thakoor-saligram jubberdhusti" case.

The Distressed Compiler of this page is not a "Society" Journalist, and he is always extremely solicitous not to make unwarrantable public mention of any private matters. But, seeing that the *Times*, the *Pull Mall Gazette*, and other journals of influence have alluded to the dinner in the Townhall, Oxford, on Saturday, May 5, of the Palmerston Club—the Liberal Club of that ancient University; the Canning Club is the Conservative one—there may be no harm in the Compiler stating that he was present on the occasion referred to, and that not only was the banquet a sumptuous one, but it was followed by an oratorical display of exceptional brilliance and of great political interest.

Mr. M. E. Sadler, of Trinity, gracefully and efficiently discharged the duties of President—onerous duties enough, since the very youthful chairman was surrounded by Ministers and ex-Ministers and "gros bonnets" of all kinds. Mr. H. Hobhouse, of New College, proposed "The Church," which toast drew forth in response an excellent oration on "broad" clerical lines from the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle; then came "Her Majesty's Ministers," ably proposed by Professor Bryce, M.P., and acknowledged in a long, vivacious, and eloquent speech by the Right. Hon. Sir Charles Dilke, M.P. The task of proposing "The House of Lords" fell to the share of young Mr. Henry L. W. Lawson, of Balliol, and with rare tact and admirable fluency did Mr. Lawson acquit himself. The toast was acknowledged in a thrilling, telling, and keenly dialectical speech by the Marquis of Lansdowne. "The House of Commons," proposed by Mr. A. H. D.

Acland, of Christ Church, should have been spoken to by the Right Hon. G. J. Goschen, M.P., but he was prevented from being present; and for the Commons an excellent respondent was found in the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, M.P. "Literature and the Press" was highly honoured in an effective address by Mr. Brodrick, the Warden of Merton, and Professor Dicey was very humorous in responding to the toast of the Palmerston Club itself.

The talking lasted from half-past eight until nearly midnight, and nobody was bored. Every "point" made by the speakers was eagerly taken up and cheered to the echo. The audience was, in the main, very youthful; and half the battle of oratory is won when a speaker who has something to say and is able to say it with tolerable coherency is addressing an audience of young men. I do not mean "mashers." The masher is invertebrate; and his veins are filled with lemon squash impregnated with cigarette smoke. The audience at the Palmerston Club were not mashers. They were studious and clever young men, getting ready to carry their college book learning into the great bustling, struggling, fighting arena of active life. The race, we know full well, is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but if Knowledge be not Power, it should, to the student whose temperament is cheerful and whose ambition is small, be a happiness.

Mem.: Of course I cannot enlarge on the Ministerial utterances of the Palmerston Club dinner, but I fancy that I run no great risk of being accused of violating the proprieties in saying that I heard nothing of a nature to induce the conclusion that her Majesty's Government intend at an early date to bridge over the Straits of Malacca, to purchase half the shares of the Aeroplane Company of Mr. Frederic Marriott of San Francisco, to declare war against the Kingdom of Brentford, to confer a baronetcy on the Mayor of Garrett, or to speak disrespectfully of the Equator.

If the "intelligent foreigner," and, for the matter of that, the intelligent native who is not a member of the Statistical Society, wishes to be fairly astonished at what private enterprise, wholly unassisted by the State, can do in England, let him glance at the figures quoted in the report of the work of the Religious Tract Society, which celebrated its ninety-fourth anniversary a few days ago. The total issue of the publications of the Society during the past year reached the amazing number of seventy-nine millions three hundred and seventy-nine thousand three hundred and fifty; and of these more than thirty-three millions were tracts. The trade receipts during the year amounted to over one hundred and eighty thousand pounds. More than fourteen thousand pounds had been received in subscriptions and donations, and the total receipts of the Society, including last year's balance and investments, were a little over two hundred and fifteen thousand pounds. The Society issue its publications in no less than one hundred and forty languages. What, if Pic de la Mirandole and Cardinal Mezzofanti were alive, would they say to the astounding polyglottism of the Religious Tract Society?

American readers should take note of a strange term which has very recently made its appearance in high-class English journalism. For a long time—certainly since Sterne's time—the people who very strongly hold whimsical, fantastic, and paradoxical views on given subjects have been called riders of hobbies. Within later years the ladies and gentlemen who feel so strongly on the subjects of Vivisection, Compulsory Vaccination, Teetotalism, Sunday closing, and other cognate topics, have been called "crotcheteers"—an inelegant and almost imbecile expression. The editor of the *St. James's Gazette* has lately taken to calling a hobby, metaphorically speaking, a "fad," and the rider thereof a "faddist."

"Fad" is to be found in Hotten's "Slang Dictionary," and is defined as a hobby or favourite pursuit. In the early edition of Dr. Ogilvie's "Imperial Dictionary" "fad" has no place; but in the latest edition (1883) "fad" makes its appearance, with a rather far-fetched derivation from the Saxon "fadicen," to arrange, and a definition as a favourite theory, crotchet, or hobby. But a "fad," in the sense in which the word is used by the editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, is rather a disarrangement than otherwise; and the only authority which the "Imperial Dictionary" can give for the employment of "fad" as a legitimate English word is a slightly slipslop passage from the *Contemporary Review*:—

The world is a mêlée of special constables, each bent on getting his own fad enforced at the point of the truncheon.

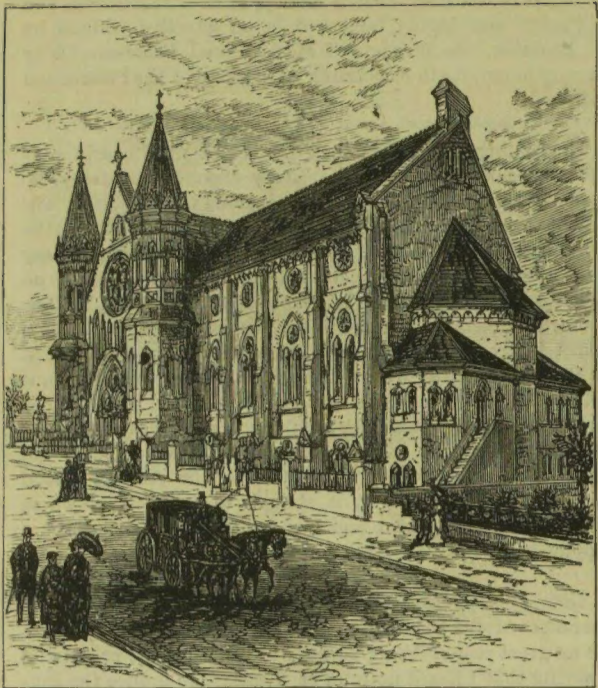
But a truncheon has no point. It is a cylinder, and cylinders do not terminate in points; I am inclined myself to hold that "fad" is a corruption of "faddle" to dandle—in French, "dorloter." A "faddist" is continually dandling and caressing his "fad." The word (a most objectionable one to my thinking) would not seem to have reached the United States. At least, I am unable to find it in Professor Schele de Vere's Dictionary of Americanisms.

We all know Southey's head-over-heels, happy-go-lucky "screed" of dazzling doggerel beginning—

The Emperor Nap he would set off
On a summer excursion to Moscow;
The fields were green, and the sky was blue,
Morbieu! Parbleu!
What a pleasant excursion to Moscow!

I hope that the fields will be green and that the sky will be blue in Muscovy towards the end of this month—not a very "merry-month of May" in England; for I am going to Moscow on Monday next, the fourteenth inst. I shall be back again (D.V.) in three weeks, or a month, at the outside. Until then I bid the readers of the "Echoes" a respectful farewell.

G. A. S.



NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH AT ANERLEY.

MRS. BEAL, A CENTENARIAN.

This old lady was born in the parish of Pevensey, Sussex, on March 20, 1783; was baptised in the Church of St. Nicholas, Pevensey; married at Hastings, on May 1, 1814, and has spent nearly the whole of her life in her native parish. She retains the whole of her senses, is in good health, and of a cheerful disposition; a few years ago she met with an accident to her thigh, and, being of such an advanced age, it was found impossible to reset the limb, so she has to use a crutch, and is assisted by her only daughter, with whom she resides. The photograph was taken by Messrs. G. and R. Lavis, of Eastbourne, in April of this year. They are indebted to the Rev. Canon Sutton, Vicar of Pevensey, for the copy of the Parish Record, which register contains the entries of births since 1566.

THE WEIGH-HOUSE CHAPEL.

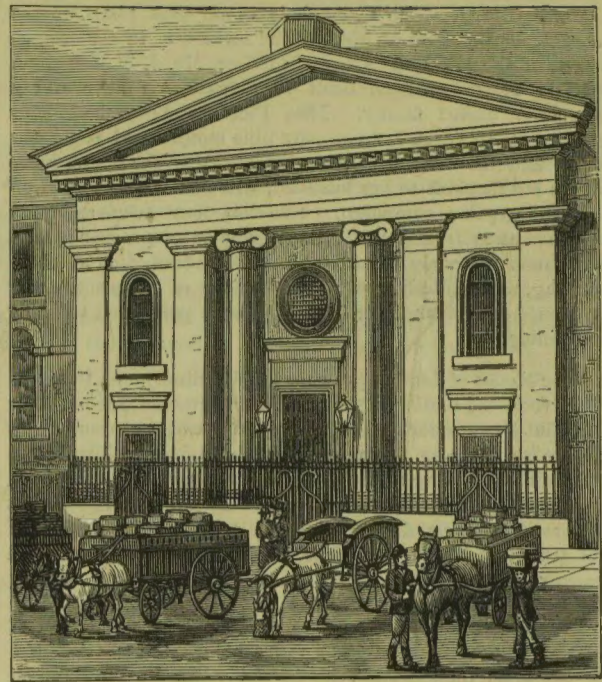
The extension of the Metropolitan District Railway, for the completion of the "Inner Circle," has required the demolition of this well-known Dissenters' meeting-house, which is situated on Fish-street-hill, close to the Monument, but which is of no great antiquity, having been built sixty years ago. Its name is derived from the site having formerly been occupied by "the King's Weigh-House," where toll was taken of foreign merchandise imported to London. The Congregationalists or Independents of the last generation held the services of this place in high esteem, at a time when there

MRS. BEAL, OF PEVENSEY,
AGED ONE HUNDRED YEARS.

were more families of the middle-class City folk residing within a moderate distance than are now to be found there on Sundays, before the general migration to suburban homes. The late Rev. Dr. Thomas Binney, who occupied the pulpit here during many years, contributed by his force of character and commanding ability to make the name of the Weigh-House Chapel generally respected, and it has at no time lacked competent ministers for the ordinary needs of a respectable and intelligent congregation. The last of the "Merchants' Lectures" in this building was delivered by the Rev. Edward White about six weeks ago, when the Rev. Dr. Henry Allon, ex-President of the Congregational Union, preached a sermon in the evening; and other services were held in the same week, at which the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker and the Rev. E. Paxton Hood were the officiating ministers, with the Rev. Alexander Sandison, the late Weigh-House pastor. The buildings and site were afterwards handed over to the railway company, who will erect a station there for passenger traffic.

NEW JERUSALEM CHURCH, ANERLEY.

The foundation-stone of this building, in Waldegrave-road, Anerley, was laid on Nov. 7, 1881, and it was opened by a dedication service, performed on Thursday, the 12th ult. It has been built for the Anerley Society of the New Jerusalem Church (Swedenborgians), which began public worship at the Penge Hall, Anerley, in July, 1880, and subsequently met in the Vestry-Hall of Anerley. The minister is the Rev. Peter Ramage, and Mr. R. Gunton was the missionary by whose efforts this congregation was brought together. The building is 90 ft. long by 40 ft. wide, and the height of the church from floor to ridge is 60 ft. It is designed in the Gothic style. Taking advantage of the steep ascent of the Waldegrave-road, a well-lighted school-room has been constructed under the



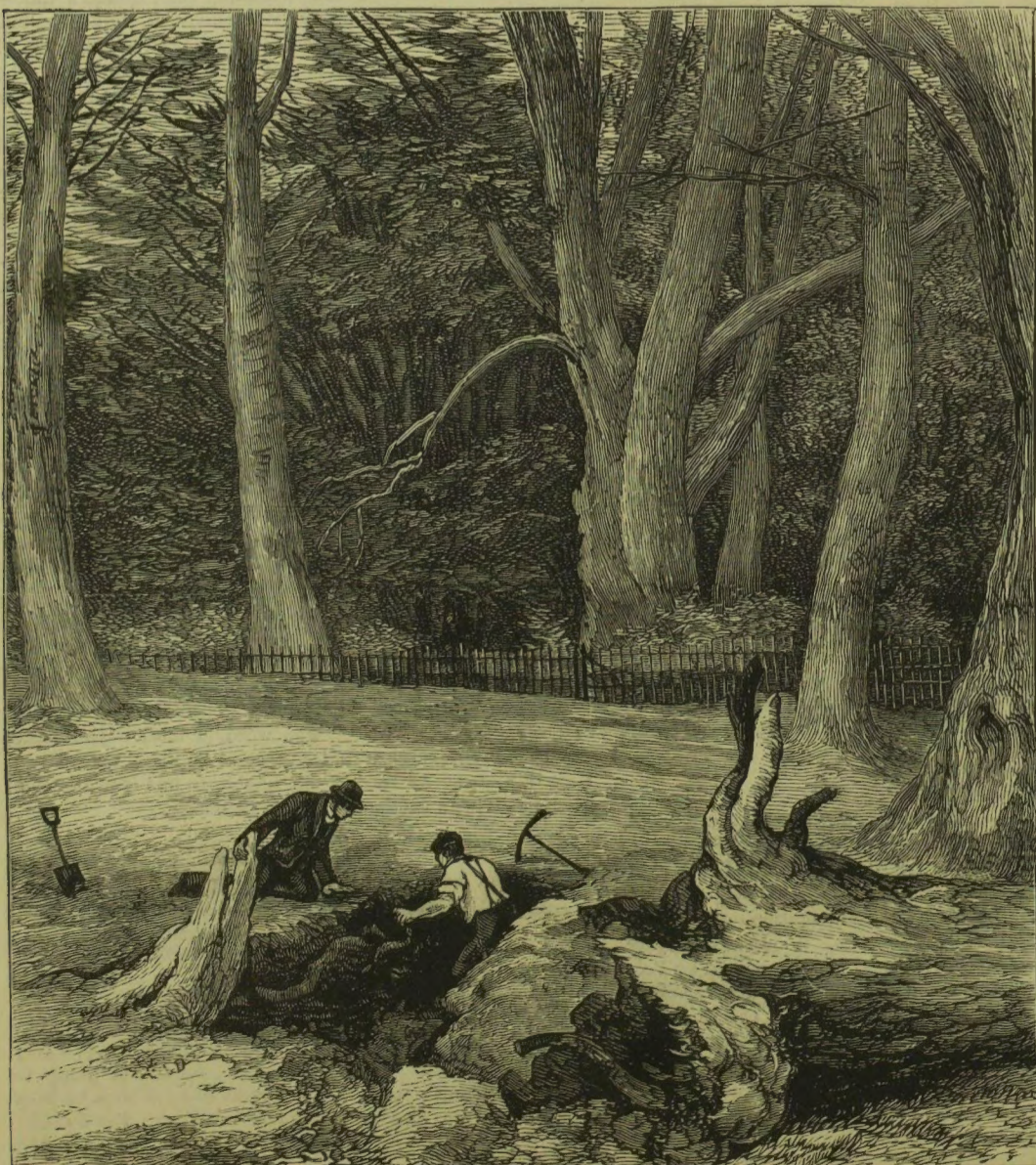
THE WEIGH-HOUSE CHAPEL, FISH-STREET-HILL.

church. The building is composed entirely of concrete, and is probably the largest specimen extant of that method of construction. The internal decoration is effected by the free use of red concrete. The floor space would accommodate about 450 worshippers, but it is at present seated for a less number. There is an open-timbered roof; and provision has been made for the addition of galleries. The building was designed by, and has been erected under the supervision of, Mr. W. J. E. Henley, manager of the Concrete Building Company, 172, Blackfriars-road. The total cost, including the land, will somewhat exceed £4000.

DISCOVERY OF ANCIENT ROMAN COINS.

We have been favoured with a communication from the Earl of Darnley respecting an important discovery of Roman coins buried in the ground adjacent to his mansion, Cobham Hall, near Gravesend. Our illustrations of the site, of the large earthenware jar, which contained eight or nine hundred coins, and of a few examples of these coins, are supplied by the drawings which were made by Mr. Jabez Bligh, a local artist, and which Lord Darnley has allowed us to copy. The spot where these coins were found is about three hundred yards from his Lordship's house, close to the garden or shrubbery, at the edge of Cobham Park, and a quarter of a mile from the ancient Roman road (Watling-street), which runs from Dover by Canterbury and Rochester to London, and the line of which was continued by St. Albans across the midland parts

Jar in which the coins were found.



Where the coins were found.



Examples of the coins.



of the country, as far as Chester. Some labourers were employed there digging up the roots of an old tree, when they struck on this jar, and the upper part of it was unfortunately broken. The coins are of bronze, most of them bearing the effigies of Constantine, Constans, and Constantius, sons of Constantine the Great, in the fourth century of the Christian era. The obverse side, in some instances, exhibits a military standard-bearer holding up a standard inscribed with the figure of the Labarum of Constantine the Great, which was a monogram, comprising the initial letters of the name of Christ, combined with the cross, and with some other device, variable in the designs adopted upon different occasions, as described by Gibbon in the notes to his Chapter XX. This Labarum came into vogue as a Roman military ensign soon after the victory of Constantine the Great over his rival Maxentius, and was intended to commemorate the miraculous Vision of the Cross, with the words, "Conquer by This," which he was believed to have seen on the eve of a decisive battle at the Milvian bridge near Rome. The symbol, with sundry variations, is of frequent occurrence in the medals and coins of the fourth century. It seems very likely that a treasure of the money of that period might be hidden in the earth for safety at some later date, when Roman Britain was often visited by pirates from beyond the German Ocean, or was disturbed by the civil wars of the declining Empire.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT OXFORD.

The ceremony of laying the memorial-stone of the projected Indian Institute connected with the University of Oxford was performed by the Prince of Wales on Wednesday of last week. This institution, of which Professor Monier Williams has been the zealous and successful promoter, is designed to encourage and assist every branch of study that concerns the populations, languages, history, literature, antiquities and geography of our Indian Empire. The building, of which Mr. Basil Champneys is the architect, will stand close to the University Convocation House at the corner of Broad-street and Holywell-street, and will include a museum and library. His Royal Highness had arrived at Oxford the evening before, and was the guest of the Master of Balliol, the Rev. Dr. Jowett, Vice-Chancellor of the University. The Marquis of Salisbury, Chancellor of the University, with the Dean of Christ Church, and the Heads of all the Colleges, the Mayor and Corporation of Oxford, the Duke of Buckingham, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earls of Northbrook, Kimberley, and Camperdown, Sir Thomas Brassey, and other persons of distinction, met the Prince at the new building. His Royal Highness, as Grand Master of the Freemasons, had previously opened the Provincial Grand Lodge of Oxford, in the Sheldonian Theatre, and walked in procession, with the officers of that lodge, past the Convocation Hall, the route being kept by a guard of honour of the University Volunteers. The Prince wore the scarlet robes of a Doctor of the University, with the Masonic apron; and his badge and chain as Grand Master. The principal illustration on our front page shows his Royal Highness testing the stone which he had laid by striking it with a mallet; all the prescribed formalities of the Masonic ritual were duly observed. After partaking of luncheon at Balliol College, where he made an interesting speech, the Prince returned to London the same afternoon.

THE ROYAL CANOE CLUB RACE.

The annual sailing race of the Royal Canoe Club for the Challenge Cup took place on Saturday last on the large piece of water, formed by the reservoir of the river Brent, adjacent to the Welsh Harp Tavern, at Hendon. There was a nice easterly breeze to fill the sails at three o'clock in the afternoon, when four canoes started—namely, Pearl, belonging to Mr. E. B. Tredwen; Violet, Mr. W. Watney, Merlin, Mr. E. G. Wilkinson, and Imogen, Mr. H. Church. The race was to be five rounds of the ordinary course. Violet went off with the lead at starting, followed by Merlin, Pearl, and Imogen; but Pearl got the lead after rounding the first buoy, and Merlin was capsized in jibbing (some aquatic sportsmen write the word "gybing") at the bottom buoy. At the end of the second round, Imogen retired, and Violet gave up the contest in the fourth round, leaving Pearl to come in alone as winner. Mr. T. G. F. Winsor, Secretary to the Club, acted both as starter and supervisor of the finish, while Mr. G. Herbert, one of the committee, directed the operations of the day, which are the subject of our Artist's Sketches.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.

The opening of this establishment last week for the new season has already been noticed by us. The remaining performances of the week consisted of "Marta" on the Thursday and "L'Africaine" on the Saturday. As the last-named was the more important occasion of the two, we shall speak of it first. It brought back that excellent artist Madame Pauline Lucca as Selika, and the eminent tenor Signor Mierzewski as Vasco di Gama, the cast having included the first appearance in England of M. Devoyod as Nelusko. The Selika of Madame Lucca is one of her many fine performances, and has a special interest from the fact that Meyerbeer intended the character for her—not having lived to see its admirable realisation, the opera being a posthumous production. When the work was first heard at our Royal Italian Opera, Madame Lucca's Selika proved a powerful attraction, and has continued to be so in its many repetitions here. In last Saturday's representation, the artist's vocal powers were as bright and fresh as ever, and her acting was fully as fine as on any previous occasion. In every situation, from that of Selika's captivity as a slave to the Portuguese navigator, of whom she is enamoured, to that of her restoration to her home and throne, and her final despair and death under the poisonous Mancanilla tree—Madame Lucca's performance was alike admirable. Madame Repetto, who personated Inez, has a voice of rather thin quality, the upper notes of which are the best. She was heard to most advantage in the important leading passages in the second finale, which she gave with much brightness and fluency. Signor Mierzewski sang finely throughout, not only in his declamatory music, but also in that of sentiment and pathos.

M. Devoyod, as the fellow-captive and secret lover of Selika, achieved a very great success. His voice is an exceptionally fine baritone—of great power yet always of agreeable quality. His phrasing is invariably artistic, and he is alike successful in the impassioned and the tender styles. He is a valuable accession to the company. M. Gresse's co-operation, as Don Pedro, was a serviceable feature in the cast, which was otherwise also an efficient one. The opera was given with the same stage splendour as before. Signor Beignani conducted. The performance of "Marta" on Thursday week cannot be said to have been one of more than average merit. Signor Marconi, as Lionello, was better placed than in the more ambitious character of Radamès (in "Aida"), in which he made his debut on Tuesday week—as already recorded. On

the later occasion he sang with good effect in several instances, particularly in the aria "M'appari," in which he was so greatly applauded that he would have been justified in repeating it. This gentleman may prove of value in tenor parts of moderate importance, but has scarcely yet shown aptitude for principal characters in tragic opera. Madame Repetto, who was the Lady Enrichetta (Marta), was heard to most advantage in the florid music of the leading part of the Spinning quartet. Madame Tremelli, as Nancy, sang well, especially in the air in the third act; and Signor Cotogni was a somewhat too energetic representative of Plumkett. His song in praise of beer was encored in as boisterous a style as that in which it was sung. The part of Sir Tristan received the stereotyped farcical embodiment from Signor Caracciolo. In the introduced ballet action, Mlle. Giuri made a favourable first appearance. M. Dupont conducted this performance.

This week's proceedings opened with "Les Huguenots" on Monday, with Madame Fursch-Madi as Valentina and Signor Mierzewski as Raoul, and on Tuesday Madame Sembrich made her first appearance this season, as Elvira in "I Puritani." The Dresden prima donna, who met with an enthusiastic reception, sang with brilliant effect throughout the opera. Her fluent delivery of the polacca, "Son vergin vezzosa," was a fine piece of bravura singing that caused an inevitable encore. The great aria, "Qui la voce," was given with refined grace in the opening portion, and joyous impulse in the last movement. In other situations, also, including the scene of delirium and the closing music of the opera, Madame Sembrich's performance was thoroughly artistic. Signor Battistini made his first appearance in England as Riccardo, and achieved a decided success. His voice is a baritone of good compass and excellent quality. He sings both with force and expression, and has much dramatic feeling. Signor De Reszke as Giorgio and Signor Marconi as Arturo contributed much to a generally effective performance. Signor Beignani conducted on Monday and Tuesday. For Thursday, "Faust" was announced, with Madame Pauline Lucca as Margherita, and for this (Saturday) evening, "L'Etoile du Nord," with Madame Sembrich as Catarina, for the first time in England.

Señor Sarasate's third concert—and last appearance here this season—yesterday (Friday) week, included his exceptionally fine performances in Beethoven's violin concerto, Vieuxtemps' "Fantasia Appassionata," and shorter solo pieces. The programme also comprised orchestral works. Mr. Cusins was again the conductor.

The Crystal Palace concert of last Saturday afternoon included the first performance of a symphony of which Franz Schubert had left but a sketch—a meagre outline of merely the leading themes. This has been cleverly filled in by Mr. J. F. Barnett, who has evidently executed his task con amore, and has thus added another to the series of symphonic works bearing the name of Schubert—this being classed as No. 7 (in E). The work is, of course, not what it would have been had it been completed by its originator, but there is enough of melodic grace and beauty, as indicated by his manuscript sketch, to render it very acceptable. Its performance was conducted by Mr. Barnett. Saturday's concert included the first appearance in England of Signorina Teresina Tria, a very young violinist, who obtained a great success by her graceful and skilful execution of Vieuxtemps' "Ballade and Polonaise," and Wieniawski's "Fantasia on Russian airs. Vocal pieces were very artistically rendered by Miss Thudichum. At the concert of the previous Saturday, a new manuscript symphony, by Mr. Wingham, was produced with much success.

In celebration of the anniversary of the Queen's visit to Epping Forest, popular concerts were given last Saturday afternoon and evening in the Pavilion of the Royal Forest Hotel, Chingford, by the Epping Forest Musical Society, under the management of Mr. Walter Latter, R.A.M.

M. Pachmann's pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon was of especial interest from its having consisted entirely of pieces by Chopin, of whose music the pianist is so admirable an interpreter. The sonata in B minor, and many other works of different forms, were finely rendered to an appreciative audience.

The Guildhall School of Music, so ably directed by Mr. Weist Hill, gave a concert at the Mansion House on Saturday afternoon, when the efficiency of the course of instruction pursued at the institution was manifested by some effective performances of choral music and vocal solos—a feature in the programme having been the clever violin-playing of Miss C. Eleison.

A new series of the excellent Richter concerts was inaugurated at St. James's Hall on Monday evening, when the first part of the programme was rendered tributary to the memory of the late Richard Wagner by the performance of a selection from his works. This comprised the "Faust" overture, the prelude to "Parsifal," Isolde's death-scene from "Tristan und Isolde," and "Siegfried's Tod" from "Götterdämmerung." These were all admirably rendered, as was Beethoven's Symphony in C minor (which formed the second part of the programme), by the fine orchestra conducted by Herr Richter, who met with a cordial reception.

The Highbury Philharmonic Society gave the third subscription concert of the season last Monday evening, when Mr. J. F. Barnett's "Ancient Mariner" formed a portion of the programme.

Miss Agnes Zimmermann's second chamber concert this season was held on Tuesday evening, at the concert-room of the Royal Academy of Music, and Mlle. Ida Henry—the pianist—gave her annual concert on the same evening, at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly.

Madame Jenny Viard-Louis—the well-known pianist—gave a vocal and instrumental concert at St. James's Hall on Thursday afternoon.

Of the Philharmonic Society's fifth concert, and of the first appearance of Madame Christine Nilsson (since her return from America) at Messrs. Austin and Watts's concert at the Royal Albert Hall, we must speak next week.

The season of the newly-reorganised Sacred Harmonic Society—conducted by Mr. Charles Hallé—closed yesterday (Friday) evening with a performance of "The Messiah."

To-day (Saturday) Mr. John Boosey will give an afternoon ballad concert at St. James's Hall; where, in the evening, Signor Tito Mattei's concert will take place, with a very attractive programme.

The Ballad Concerts for May at the Royal Victoria Coffee-Hall (long known as the Victoria Theatre) are under the direction of Madame Osborne Williams, Mr. Clement Hoey, Signor D'Havet Zuccardi, and Mr. J. Greenhill. On the 22nd Mr. W. Carter's choir of 300 voices will give a performance of "Placida," under Royal and distinguished patronage. In consequence of the large audiences that have attended on the Wednesday and Friday penny nights, Tuesdays are to be added as a third penny night, and from the 12th inst. the prices are to be lowered for the summer season.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

With respect to M. Victorien's powerful but unwholesome play of "Fédora," an English version of which was produced at the Haymarket Theatre on Saturday, the Fifth inst., criticism of the speculative order might be relieved of a great deal of trouble by the confident advertisement put forth on the Monday following the announcement by the Haymarket management. This remarkable proclamation states that, "in answer to the magnificent reception given to the first performance of the new play and the brilliant criticisms on its success in all the leading journals, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft beg to announce that 'Fédora' will be acted every evening until the end of the season." This is tantamount to saying that inasmuch as the *Observer*, and the other weekly papers published on Sunday, and the half-dozen daily papers published on Monday, have spoken well of Mr. Herman Merivale's English version of M. Sardou's repulsive drama, it does not matter to the Bancroft management one kopeck (let us be Muscovite for the nonce) what such weekly journals as the *Saturday Review*, the *Athenaeum*, the *Academy*, the *Spectator*, the *World*, or *Truth*, think about "Fédora." The dramatic critics of the journals which I have named are, as a rule, persons of greater acumen and of higher intellectual culture than the diurnal Aristarchuses whom long practice has enabled to dash off a column or so of "critical verbiage" between midnight and two in the morning, but the reason which has led the Bancroft management to yield to the hallucination that those journals only are "leading" which are published on the morrow of the production of a new stage play is a very obvious reason indeed. The actor likes his reward to be immediate. He does not care much about it if it be deferred. Direct and untinted applause is to him the breath of life. If he have it not he artistically dies. He yearns for his "three rounds" so soon as he makes his appearance on the stage, and his three or more "calls" at the end of each act, and at the fall of the curtain; and when the audience at the playhouse and the critics in the daily and Sunday morning press have bestowed upon him these testimonials of high approbation, he is able (especially if he be a manager as well as an actor) to snap his fingers at notices which appear a week afterwards. This, from the "paying" point of view, is undeniably a most practical and business-like view of the value of so-called dramatic criticism, but, at the same time, it leaves wholly unfettered the hands of the critics of those journals which may not lead, but which certainly do not follow their contemporaries.

I was not able to be present at the first night of "Fédora," having been, indeed, on Saturday evening at Oxford, and the guest at a University Club dinner; but I went on Monday to see M. Sardou's play, as adapted to our stage by Mr. Merivale, and as interpreted by those consummate dramatic artists Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Charles Coghlan, Mrs. C. Brookfield, and Mrs. Bernard-Beere. Very rarely have I seen such thoroughly good and unflaggingly sustained acting (with few exceptions) bestowed on a play which, for all its prolix wordiness, is, from the rising to the falling of the curtain, replete with the deepest human interest. The fact that "Fédora" is from first to last so continuously productive of curiosity and interest is in itself a very high tribute to the ingenuity of the dramatist, seeing that its story of the play is of the very simplest kind, and that its main incident is not original, but is borrowed from "Le Drame de la Rue de la Paix." Here is the merest outline of the plot, which it is useless to narrate in minute detail, seeing that it has been already told in all the "leading" organs of public opinion. The Princess Fédora Romanoff is a young, beautiful, and bizarre Russian lady, who has a "lover" in the person of a certain Vladimir Garishkine, the only son of the Minister of Police. This Vladimir is assassinated (he is shot) in an obscure tenement-house in the suburb of Vacili-Ostrow (it is a large and densely-populated island in the Neva), and is brought back, dying, to his sumptuous apartment at St. Petersburg, where his dissolution is witnessed by his agonised mistress Fédora. The moribund Vladimir has not pronounced the name of his murderer, but strong police suspicion (from information which they have received) falls on Garishkine's near neighbour, Count Loris Ipanoff, who is, besides, vehemently suspected of being an active agent in a Nihilist conspiracy. In the presence of the bleeding corpse of her lover, the Princess Fédora vows to devote the remainder of her life to the discovery of Vladimir's assassin, and to delivering him up to Russian justice. Loris Ipanoff has done that which Talleyrand used to say he would do if he were accused of stealing the bells of Notre Dame—he has shown a clean pair of heels to his pursuers, and has found refuge in Paris. The Princess Fédora follows him to the French capital, and, to carry out her scheme of vengeance, she very soon succeeds in making Loris passionately enamoured of her; her object being so to fascinate and enslave him as to induce him to make an avowal of his crime. But while enmeshing him in the toils, she becomes entangled in them herself, and falls much more in love with the man whom, if guilty, she is solicitous of having hanged. Eventually Ipanoff incompletely confesses that he has killed Vladimir. He denies, however, that he is an assassin. The act of homicide, of which he owns himself to be guilty, was, as he puts it, not a murder, but a "punishment"; and Fédora at once jumps at the conclusion that Vladimir was, as she imagines Loris to be, a Nihilist, and that he had been "executed" for some act of unfaithfulness to the cause of the Brotherhood. Acting on this hasty persuasion, Fédora, after having vainly endeavoured to obtain the extradition of Ipanoff by the French Government, puts herself in communication with Gretch, a Russian police spy, who has followed her from Petersburg to Paris. With this worthy she makes arrangements to have Ipanoff kidnapped by the detective and his men, gagged and bound, and conveyed on board her yacht, which will take him to Havre, where a Russian corvette will be in waiting to transport him to Cronstadt. She will meanwhile make the journey overland to St. Petersburg, where she will duly give evidence before the Russian tribunals of Ipanoff's confession of guilt. With this humane intent she gives a rendezvous very late at night in her own apartments to Ipanoff: it being understood that the "Polizei" Gretch and his myrmidons shall be in waiting without, and that on Ipanoff's leaving her room he shall be promptly seized and abducted. To make assurance doubly sure, she writes a letter to Count Garishkine, the Minister of Police at Petersburg, telling him what she has done, and, in addition, denouncing as political accomplices of Ipanoff, his brother Valerian, and another gentleman, one of his most intimate friends. But when she has done this pretty piece of work Loris Ipanoff appears at the appointed tryst, and becomes unreservedly and horribly confidential. He tells Fédora why and how he killed Vladimir Garishkine. It was because the dead man was the seducer of his, Ipanoff's, dead wife. He had, it appears, married, against the wishes of his family, a Polish girl from Warsaw, named Wanda. Subsequently he learned that his wife, from the very first days of their union, had been intriguing with Garishkine, and in a letter which has come into his hands, written by the adulterous wife, he finds that her heart altogether belongs to her betrayer, and that she scoffs at her confiding husband. Ipanoff, armed with a revolver, tracked the guilty

pair to a tenement house at Vacili-Ostrow, which had been hired by Garishkine for the purpose of carrying on his amours with Wanda. Loris Ipanoff confronted the perfidious couple. Wladimir, who was also armed with a pistol, shooting at Ipanoff, slightly wounded him; but Ipanoff, with sure aim, shot the adulterer dead. His wife soon afterwards died. To this explanation Loris Ipanoff adds the declaration that he is not, and never has been, a Nihilist. It follows, consequently, that Fédora has been compassing the destruction of a man who loves her deeply, whom she herself deeply loves, who is not a conspirator, and whose only offence is (according to Continental notions: not, thank goodness, in accordance with ours) that he has avenged his wounded honour by spilling the blood of a heartless profligate, who could not have loved Fédora, seeing that at the very time when she was his mistress he was carrying on an intrigue with a married woman, the wife, too, of a man for whom he had professed friendship. What, under these appalling circumstances, is the wretched woman to do? Gretch and his satellites are waiting outside to pounce on Ipanoff; and the only expedient that Fédora can devise to save Loris from the Muscovite blood-hounds is that he shall pass the night in her apartment. This utterly repulsive incident is slurred over by the English adaptor by patching up a secret marriage between Fédora and Loris; and, at the beginning of the last act, we find Fédora and Ipanoff returning from their honeymoon, and in the enjoyment of what appears to be unmingled matrimonial bliss, which is, however, soon turned to anguish and despair by the arrival of a letter from St. Petersburg, in which a confidential friend of Ipanoff informs him that Count Garishkine, the Minister of Police, has been dismissed, for various misdeeds, from office, and that one of his last acts of tyranny was to order the arrest of Loris's brother Valerian and of his friend. They have been incarcerated in the dungeons of the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul; Valerian has been drowned by a rising of the waters of the Neva, which have overflowed his cell; and the friend has been mysteriously done away with in some way or another. The widowed and paralysed mother of the Ipanoffs has died from grief at hearing of her son's death; and to this budget of ill-tidings Loris's correspondent adds a postscript to the effect that the person who denounced Valerian and his friend to the Minister of Police was a woman and a Russian, resident in Paris. The half-trenzied Fédora confesses that she is the woman in question. Loris's love for her changes to rage and hate, and a hideous scene of imprecation and violence follows, with the almost inevitable dénouement of Fédora taking poison and expiring in the arms of her at length forgiving husband. It seems to me that from the beginning to the end "Fédora" is fundamentally and detestably a most vicious and immoral play, from the performance of which the sanction of the Licensor of Plays should very sternly have been withheld. But we live in an age of topsyturvydom. Old landmarks seem to be broken down; old standards of propriety or the contrary appear to be wholly disregarded; and "Fédora," having had a "magnificent reception," and having been honoured by the "brilliant criticisms of all the leading journals," will continue to be played to the end of the season. As the immediate successor to the pure, wholesome, and innocent Robertsonian comedies, which are never to be played again at the Haymarket under the Bancroft management, "Fédora" must certainly be regarded as a most peculiar production; and an additional oddity has been lent to it by the circumstance that the task of translating and adjusting it to the English stage should have been entrusted to a dramatist so thoroughly capable and so thoroughly original as Mr. Herman Merivale, the distinguished author of "The Cynic," "The White Pilgrim," and the not-to-be-forgotten "Forget-Me-Not."

No excellence in acting can at atone for the inherent and incurable immorality and repulsiveness of "Fédora"; but it is a simple act of justice to record that the Sardou-Merivale play is, on the whole, played with surprising excellence. Mrs. Bernard-Beere has made a distinct and splendid mark as the Princess Fédora, and must be henceforth ranked as an actress of the first class. Obviously, her impersonation of the sensuous and vindictive Slav woman is closely modelled, both in voice and gesture and in physical aspect, on the Fédora of Madame Sara Bernhardt; still, Mrs. Bernard-Beere has many gifts and attainments of her own; and of these she did not fail to make good use, when the occasion demanded it. She possesses in particular the—to an actress priceless—endowment of being naturally emotional and pathetic, and of convincing the spectator that she feels the passions to which she gives elocutional utterance. Her great personal beauty and her graceful and dignified bearing likewise stand her in good stead; and, on the whole, it would be difficult to name an actress (not even excepting Madame Modjeska) on the English-speaking stage who could render the part of Fédora more winningly, more forcibly, and more intelligently than is done by Mrs. Bernard-Beere. Mr. Charles Coghlan's Loris Ipanoff was rather a suggestive than a frank and deliberate assertion of his acknowledged and commanding powers as a dramatic artiste. In some portions of the part—notably where he gives the lengthy narrative of his wife's perfidy and his "punishment" of her seducer—he was superb; but at times his scheme of tone seemed at least two notes too low; and occasionally the auditor felt more reminded of what Mr. Coghlan could do if he chose than what he was actually doing. The part of Loris Ipanoff fits him to a nicety; yet I could not help fancying that Mr. Coghlan was not very much in love with his rôle. Mr. Bancroft played with quiet and unobtrusive force the part of M. Jean de Sirieux, a French diplomatist. Actively, the character has little to do with the evolution of the plot; yet it is nevertheless not without considerable importance, inasmuch as M. de Sirieux has to explain many acts and deeds of the persons surrounding him which would be otherwise inexplicable to the audience; and Mr. Bancroft enacts the functions of a Greek Chorus with unflinching discrimination and tact. The prevailing gloom of the drama is brightly relieved by the delightfully airy humours of Mrs. Bancroft as the Countess Olga Soukareff, a slightly too-susceptible "grass-widow"; and Miss R. Taylor plays very intelligently and effectively the part of a *moujik* boy, Marka. In coolness and aplomb Mr. C. Brookfield's *Polizei*, Gretch, was all that could be desired; and Mr. Smedley was quiet and gentleman-like as a French *gommneur*, M. Rouvel. The stage management was perfect, and the scenery, dresses, and general appointments were on the scale of lavish splendour invariably characteristic of the Bancroft management. Many of the details of furniture and costume in the scene of Wladimir's apartment at St. Petersburg are ludicrously inaccurate; but it would be hypercritical and useless to enumerate these trifling shortcomings. Not anybody is doomed (for his sins) to be intimately acquainted with the ordonnance of Russian interiors. "Fédora" had, in fine, as magnificent a reception on the second night of its performance as I read it had on the first; and it will continue, I am bound to believe, to draw crowded houses to the Haymarket till the end of the season. G. A. S.

Under the patronage of Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess, and the Duke of Teck, Miss Amy Sedgwick gave a dramatic

recital, at the Kensington Townhall, on Thursday, of the same character as that which she had the honour of presenting before the Queen at Osborne a few months ago. Miss Sedgwick's programme included musical additions by Mr. Maybrick, Mrs. Stretton, and Mr. C. F. Reddie.

Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke's cleverly contrived automaton Zoe, is nightly mystifying the public at the Egyptian Hall. As a "Thought Reader" Zoe is unrivalled. The entertainment also includes the practical explanation of the Davenport tricks, and "Mrs. Daffodil Downey's Drawing-room Séance," a farcical framework for the introduction of several very curious optical illusions.

Miss Cowen will give a dramatic recital at Steinway Hall next Tuesday evening, when she will be assisted by Mr. Arthur Lewis and two of her pupils. The entertainment will be varied by singing, the vocalists being Miss de Fonblanque, Mrs. Gil de Tejada, and Mr. Santley.

OUR FISHING INDUSTRIES.

PILCHARD SEINING IN CORNWALL.

We continue to present a series of Sketches of the different kinds of fisheries on the British Coasts and in the neighbouring seas. This subject will be especially interesting to a great many readers at the time of the opening of the International Fisheries Exhibition. We have already given Illustrations of the trawling on the Doggerbank and elsewhere in the North Sea.

Seining for pilchards forms in Cornwall one of the chief industries of that county, the fish being exported in large quantities, in a state called "fumades," to Spain and Italy, or else bought up by the local sardine factories to be sent into the market—of course, under the name of sardines. There are two methods of capturing pilchards—one by means of what are called "drift-nets," the other by "seine-nets." The drift-nets are used, as we lately explained, for deep-sea fishing, and are worked on the Cornish coast from large boats called "drivers," which often go out many miles from the shore. It is not, however, the drift-net fishing of which we propose now to give an account, but of the use of the seine, or stop-net. This is a different method altogether, the seine-nets being wholly different to the others, both in construction and in application. The seine-nets, as they do not mesh the fish, are capable only of being used near the shore, where they can have soundings, and so enclose the fish. They cannot be shot in any great run of the tide, or in very rough weather. They are often as long as one hundred and fifty or two hundred fathoms, and ten or eleven fathoms deep.

Seining is not confined to the fishermen of the villages only, but most of the local tradesmen and mechanics of the district have a share in a seine; while in many cases the local farmers establish one and pay hands to work it. At Padstow, on the north coast of Cornwall, there are two seines; one is worked by the proprietors, the other is a share seine, the hands employed receiving weekly wages, and a certain share of the fish caught divided among them. Everyone is ready to lend a hand at the seine if required, when a "school," or shoal, of pilchards comes in sight. The fish are perceived by their "flossing," or splashing up the water; or else by "colour," which is seen from the top of a hill, the station of the "huer," or look-out man. As a rule, every seine has its own "huer," who most patiently watches from the hill for any sign of the expected fish; and, upon getting sight of them, waves his hat round his head, calling to those on the beach to get up "the cry," and prepare the boats. This method of directing the shooting of the nets, by means of the "huer" on shore, is, however, only employed when the shoals come very near to the shore. At other times, the "huers" go out to sea in a little boat, which is called a "lurker," and keep it well in advance of the seine-boats, to get a first sight of the school, and direct the movements of those in charge of the nets.

There are generally two boats employed besides the "lurker"; the seine-boat proper—viz., that which actually carries the nets—and the "vollier," or attendant boat, which keeps a capstan ready fixed on board, and which takes the "warp," or rope attached to one end of the net, and holds it fast when the other boat is "shooting." The seine-net is furnished at the top with a row of closely-placed corks, and at the bottom with a series of leads, so that when the "school" is surrounded, the leads keep the seine to the bottom of the sea, while the corks at the top prevent any retreat of the fish from above. The method of "shooting" is as follows:—When a school is discovered, the lurkers keep it in sight until it is in a good place for the seine to be shot, where the water is not too deep for the seine, and where the bottom is free from rocks. The signal to "shoot" once given, a warp or rope from the seine-boat is thrown to the "vollier," where it is made fast to the capstan on board. At the same time a gripper is thrown overboard to bring this boat to anchor in a convenient place; while those in the seine-boat are casting the net overboard as quickly and quietly as possible, working in as large a circle as is necessary to inclose the shoal, and in such a manner that as the last of the net is leaving the boat they have returned to a place near the vollier. The ends of the net are now crossed over each other for some distance, or another net, called a "stop net," is placed over the ends; and so the fish are inclosed in a wall of net, out of which they find it impossible to escape. Meanwhile, the gulls have been eagerly watching the operations, wheeling in great numbers in the air above the boats, and making it resound with their plaintive and discordant cries; and when the boats are a little way apart from the seine they swoop down in large numbers upon the imprisoned fish, each time retreating in triumph with their prey. When a great school is taken the fish will often rush at the net in such numbers as to cause the corks to dip momentarily under the water for some inches, at the place where they strike; but it is curious to observe that the fish seldom profit by that occurrence to escape, being seemingly afraid to rise too near the surface. If a large school has been surrounded and captured, it becomes necessary to use what is termed a "tuck-net"—that is, a small seine-net, which can be shot within the larger one, to take up a portion only of the fish at one time, as by the strain of such a large body of fish at once, the net would else give way. There is, perhaps, in the whole system of fishing no prettier sight than the "tucking" of a large school of pilchards or mackerel, especially should it occur, as is often the case, about sunrise; for then the busy crowd of boats and people around the nets, the thousands upon thousands of fresh-caught fish, glittering like molten gold, the myriads of wheeling sea-birds peeping the air, and the red sails of the many luggers returning from their night of labour, are splendidly illuminated by the rays of the rising sun. Boat after boat is rapidly loaded with all they can safely carry, and they make for the shore, where also a very busy scene presents itself. Men await the arrival of each boat on the beach, with "maunds," or large baskets, to hold each about a thousand fish, and through the handles of which a pole is passed, so that it may be carried on the shoulders of two men to the cellar where the fish are to be bulked. Upon their arrival at the cellar, the fish are turned out in a heap upon the floor, and delivered up to the women to be cured or

salted. This is accomplished by building them up in great heaps against the walls of the cellar, in layers, first one of salt, then one of fish, and so on until the pile is finished.

After the pilchards have been left in salt about thirty days they are taken out, washed thoroughly, and then put into casks for exportation. But in order to extract the oil, which if left in them would be liable to turn the fish rancid, they are subjected in the cask to great pressure, the casks having holes made in them to allow of the escape of the oil. The cellars are specially constructed to facilitate this process. All round the walls are holes, slightly above the height of an ordinary cask, so that when a pole is inserted in it, resting upon blocks of wood, placed upon a strong circular board laid upon the top of the fish in the casks, it acts as a powerful lever to compress the fish, being weighted with huge stones suspended to the other end. The fish are packed closely in the hogheads, with their heads all pointing outwards in perfect regularity; and are piled a couple of inches or so above the edge of the cask, so that its contents may be compressed. By repeating this process, the fish are packed as tight as figs, when the top of the cask is finally put in, and thus made ready for sale. The hogheads hold each about 3000 fish. The foreign agents generally go round to the different seining stations, to examine the casks and make purchases. The price, of course, varies according to the supply; but, generally speaking, from £2 to £3 10s. will represent the value.

Cask-making also is a local branch of industry that is called into play when fish are plentiful. The long sloping object, seen in the centre of our Sketch of this work, is an immense plane, the use of which is peculiar to coopers; for instead of passing it over the wood, the staves of the cask are passed over the edge of the plane in order to thin the ends, so that the top and bottom of the cask may be smaller than the middle. It takes a man about two hours and a half to fashion and complete a cask, if the work is well done.

OYSTER DREDGING AT WHITSTABLE.

The seacoast of North Kent and shore of the Thames estuary afford several convenient places for the breeding of oysters. That region of ancient Britain, the "Littus Rutupinum," was favourably known to the luxurious Roman epicures for its production of the luscious marine dainty, not found in the Mediterranean, which was then sent to be sold in Italy at an enormous price. Rutupia, from which the coast for many miles derived its general name, was the Roman station at Richborough, close to Sandwich, at the entrance to the navigable strait which then divided the Isle of Thanet from the mainland. So Juvenal, in his satire of Roman gluttony, speaks of greedy gentlemen at the dinner-table hastening to swallow the oyster imported from the Rutupian Gulf, meaning somewhere between Reculver and the Nore, approached in those times by ships through the strait entered from Pegwell Bay, which has long been closed. There was, and is, a good reason for the abundance of fine fat oysters along this part of the North Kentish coast. The food of the oyster, as we learn from naturalists, "consists of very minute organisms, such as infusoria, rhizopoda, and microscopic larval forms of coelenterata," which are very plentiful in the water here. A certain amount of river water mixed with the sea water, and certain chemical qualities in the water, are necessary conditions of oyster-fattening, as well as the absence of sand, which would clog the hinge of the bivalve shell, and prevent it opening and shutting. Oysters are found in many estuaries and land-locked bays of Great Britain, especially on the south and west coasts—in the Solent, at Poole, Plymouth, Falmouth, and Milford Haven; there are deep-sea oysters, also, poor things to eat, dredged up in the Channel between England and France, which are often stored at Shoreham or Hayling, on the Sussex coast. But the estuary of the Thames, and the shore towards Margate, receiving continual deposits of London clay from the river, present the best feeding-ground in the world for the famous "natives," in which the proportion of meat to shell, in weight, is one-fourth, a prime oyster containing two ounces of edible substance, with a beautiful thin shell. The oyster is a delicate creature, requiring a sheltered abode, as he cannot endure great cold or frost, and will die if a freshet brings melted ice or snow into his water; the temperature should be as equable as possible, for breeding and growing fat.

Whitstable, about five miles west-south-west of Herne Bay, opposite the Isle of Sheppey, has a good protected situation, and wide beds of clay from the Swale. Its oysters, bred of "spat," or young brood, which may be imported from the French coasts or elsewhere, have become the most celebrated, and none are more delicious. They remain three years in the local oyster-beds before they are brought to market. Several large oyster companies at this place, and many individual owners of extensive tracts along the shore, between here and Sheerness, and in the Medway estuary, annually contribute their tens of thousands of bushels of oyster to London consumption. There is a court of elected deputies of these proprietors, held yearly at Whitstable, to take care of the interests of the oyster-fishery, and to enforce or amend its regulations, with regard to the times and modes of opening, stocking, and shutting the oyster-beds. One of the most productive, however, is that of Mr. Alston, at Cheyney Rock, near Sheerness, on the Isle of Sheppey, and above fifteen miles from Whitstable: this bed alone has yielded 50,000 bushels of oysters in one year. In the Swale, also, the strait dividing Sheppey from the mainland of Kent, there are some very rich oyster-beds, from which the neighbouring town of Milton, adjacent to Sittingbourne, derives its staple trade. A large fleet of smacks and hoys is constantly employed in carrying oysters to London, besides the numerous boats, in each of the ports addicted to this fishery, which engage in the process of dredging. This is the subject of our Illustrations in a page of the present Number, showing the kind of sailing-boats, and the simple apparatus of dredges and bags, used all over those vast mud-banks, in the shallows of the Kentish side, below the outlets of the Thames and Medway, where the genuine British oyster finds himself most comfortably at home.

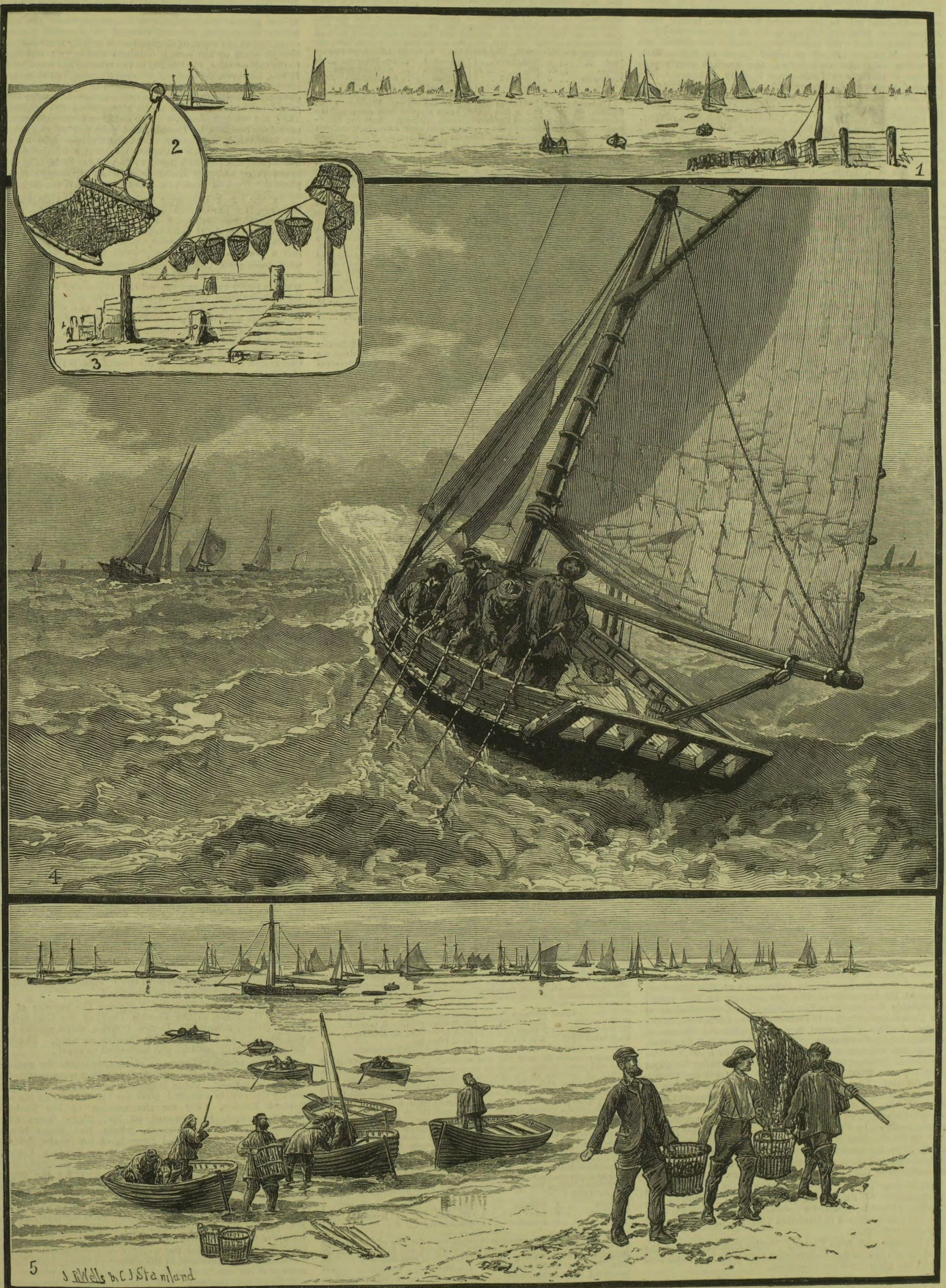
Lord Carlingford on the 2nd inst. presented the prizes gained by the successful students in the National Art Training School, more than 100 of whom were present in the lecture theatre of the South Kensington Museum.

A loan exhibition of amateur works of art has been held at Lowther Lodge, by permission of the Hon. Mr. and Mrs. William Lowther. The Duchess of Connaught paid a visit to the exhibition, which contained contributions from many distinguished personages. The proceeds are to be devoted principally to the Parochial Mission Women Fund.

In accordance with the new rule of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, members will in future be elected solely on the ground of the excellence of their exhibited works. The first three artists elected under this rule were Messrs. Ludwig Passini, Thomas Huson, and G. F. Wetherbee. The opening of the splendid new galleries of the Institute in Piccadilly has proved highly successful. Drawings to the amount of over £4000 were sold on the private view day.—Mr. James D. Linton has been elected vice-president in the place of the late Mr. W. L. Leitch.



1. A Cornish Fisherman.
2. Putting the seine into the boat.
3. The "huer" shouting to proclaim a "school" of pilchards in sight.
4. Pressing the packed hogsheads, to squeeze out the oil.
5. Curing or salting the fish.
6. Cask-Making.
7. Pilchard.
- 8: "Maund" or basket to carry the fish ashore.
9. Taking out the fish from the seine by the "tuck-net."



1. Boats going out.

2. Dredge.

3. Oyster Bags.

4. Dredging.

5. Landing Oysters.

PARISIAN SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Paris, Tuesday, May 8.

Pictures, the exhibition of the Salon, the exhibition of portraits at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, the new tapestries at the Cluny Museum: such are the principal subjects of interest for the moment. On Thursday still another exhibition will open—that of the Exposition Annuelle de Peinture Internationale, where England will be represented by Messrs. Watts, Colin Hunter, and Whistler. What a lot of pictures! as President Grévy said the other day, when he visited the Salon. What a lot of pictures! And to think that, according to recent calculations, the average yearly production of pictures at Paris alone is sixty thousand. Six hundred thousand in ten years! What will posterity do with such a mass? Or, without looking so far ahead, what becomes of the pictures in the Salon after the Salon is closed? No satisfactory solution of this problem has yet been offered. Historical pictures, it has been suggested, are readily bought by young nations, which are always reproached with having no past. Family portraits naturally find a market amongst parvenus, and fish pieces are eagerly sought for in places where fish is a rarity—Dieppe, for instance. But all the suggestions are insufficient.

M. Louis Viardot died last Sunday, at the age of eighty-three. The name of Viardot now hardly calls up anything more than the souvenir of an eminent artiste, his wife, the sister of Malibran and of the great singer Manuel Garcia. The fame of Pauline Garcia is so great that it has thrown into the shade that of the author of so many critical works of merit, the translator of Pouchkine, Gogol, and of Ivan Tourgueneff, the distinguished *littérateur* whose name is to be found amongst the romantic campaigners of the old *Globe* and *National*, and who, with Pierre Leroux and George Sand, founded the famous *Revue Indépendante* in 1841. For years Tourgueneff has lived with the Viardots, in the same house at Paris in the Rue de Douai, in the same villa at Bougival, where, only the other day, Tourgueneff was taken sick, it is feared, even unto death.

There has been much talk this week about the decoration of the comedian Delaunay, of the Théâtre Français, who has been nominated Knight of the Legion of Honour, "for services rendered on the stage." This is the first time that an actor has received this honour as an actor. Got, Samson, Regnier, Levasseur, Obin, and Faure, who have also received this honour, were decorated, not as actors or singers, but as professors at the Conservatory; and, with the exception of Got, only after they had retired from the stage. Nobody finds fault with the decoration of Delaunay, who is an admirable actor. People, however, do comment on the fact that the Minister in person, M. Jules Ferry, accompanied by General Pittié, the chief of President Grévy's military household, went to the Comédie Française to transmit the cross of the Legion to Delaunay with his own hands. It would be difficult to cite the case of a savant or a man of letters upon whom the honour has been conferred in such exceptional conditions. Now that he is decorated, Delaunay announces that his retirement from the stage is adjourned *sine die*.

In the German Parliament on Monday the debate on the Budget for 1884-5 was continued. The Progressist leader, Herr Richter, moved that, as it was impracticable to make trustworthy estimates so long beforehand, the entire Budget should be referred to a Commission. This was carried. The first and second readings of the Consular Convention with Servia and the Treaty of Commerce with Mexico were agreed to.—The Lower House of the Prussian Diet has adjourned until the 25th inst. for the Whitsun recess.

The Lower House of the Austrian Reichsrath has adopted a measure establishing the minimum of the Austrian Landwehr, exclusive of Tyrol, at 138,000 men, and authorising the formation of six regiments of Landwehr cavalry, by which the military Budget will be increased to the amount of at least 1,000,000 fl.—The Hungarian Upper House has accepted the general principles of the Middle Class Schools Bill.

The "English Club" of Zurich will be pleased to receive any English visitors at its weekly meetings, which take place every Thursday evening at the "Meise" Restaurant.

A despatch from Colonel Hicks has been received at Cairo stating that he has defeated some 5000 insurgents in the Soudan, with heavy loss, 500 having been killed, including the Lieut.-General of the False Prophet.

Vice-Admiral Bille, the *doyen* of the Danish Navy, died recently, at the age of nearly eighty-six. The deceased Admiral prepared the transfer to England of the Andaman and Nicobar Islands, which formerly belonged to Denmark.

Lord Dufferin arrived on Tuesday in Constantinople, and has had an audience of the Sultan.

Just after midnight on the 2nd inst. at earthquake took place at Tabreez, Persia. Many houses and bazaars were destroyed, and there was a considerable loss of life. A large number of people are now living in tents.

Mr. Sullivan, president of the new Irish National League, has been received by Cardinal McCloskey, the Catholic Archbishop of New York, who, in the course of the interview, expressed his approval of the proceedings at the recent Philadelphia Convention.—The *Daily News* Correspondent at New York telegraphs that O'Donovan Rossa's followers, to the number of about a hundred, met on Sunday and denounced the Philadelphia Convention. "It is our dynamite," he added, "which has stricken terror in every English heart." The *New York Tribune* argues strongly against extending the right of asylum to men concerned in the Irish murder conspiracy, and says that Americans will feel supreme satisfaction in handing over such miscreants to the British Government to be punished.—In Halifax, Nova Scotia, the people have been somewhat alarmed by a rumour that two suspicious American vessels, manned by Fenians, have left Boston for that port to blow up the shipping in the harbour.

The New Brunswick Legislative Council has rejected the Government bill authorising the reference of the question of the abolition of the Council to a popular vote.

On Monday evening, a few hours before his departure from the Dominion for this country, the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie, ex-Premier of Canada, received a present of £2000 from his constituents and a number of Canadian Liberals, in recognition of his public services.

It is announced from Victoria (British Columbia) that the steam-ship Grappler has been burned near Bute Inlet, and that fifty of her passengers have perished.

Telegrams have been received from the Governments of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia, approving of the annexation of New Guinea by the Queensland Government.

The first news from the eclipse expeditions has arrived from Lima, where the sky was overcast, and no observations could be taken.

INTERNATIONAL CHESS TOURNAMENT.

We resume our narrative of the play in this great competition with the fourth round, which commenced on the 1st inst.

Blackburne, exercising great care and caution, successfully resisted Skipworth's English opening, and Tschigorin, adopting the Two Knights' defence, won a pretty game against Bird. The game between Mason and Noa, opened with P to K 3rd on both sides, presented the appearance of a draw throughout, and, neither combatant displaying much spirit of adventure, it so terminated. Mackenzie adopted the Ruy Lopez against Zukertort, who defended it with marked precision, and finally won a game contested in the highest style by both players. Rosenthal and Winawer skirmished around a Steinitz Gambit, further discrediting that opening, unfortunately in the hands of everyone but the inventor, by agreeing to draw on the tenth move, and Sellman and English also agreed to draw after some hours' play—Steinitz, abandoning his gambit, won an irregular opening against Mortimer. The following is the result of the day's play:—

Bird ... 0 Tschigorin ... 1 Rosenthal ... dr Winawer ... dr
Mason ... dr Noa ... 0 Skipworth ... 0 Blackburne ... 1
Mackenzie ... 0 Zukertort ... 1 Sellman ... dr English ... dr
Steinitz ... 1 Mortimer ... 0

Wednesday was devoted to playing off the draws. Blackburne and Sellman, who drew in the first round, again opposed each other, and the game was evenly contested for many moves. At length, however, Blackburne obtained an advantage in a position critical for both sides, and won soon afterwards. Rosenthal and Winawer and Mason and Noa drew, each pair for the second time, and Bird beat English in a difficult and well-fought end-game.

In the fifth round, played on Thursday, the 3rd inst., the chief interest of the spectators, numerous as ever, was centred on the games between Mason and Steinitz and Winawer and Blackburne. Mason opened with the Ruy Lopez, which Steinitz defended, after 3. P to Q R 3rd, by 4. Kt to K 2nd. After a series of exchanges the second player came out two Pawns plus in the end-game, winning easily. Blackburne emerged from the complications of the middle game with a Knight and six Pawns against Winawer's Knight and five Pawns, and missed his chance of winning.

Mackenzie and Noa opened with 1. P to Q 4th on both sides, and the game proceeded to the twenty-ninth move on the usual lines of that rather dull début. On the 29th move Noa blundered, and Mackenzie won right off. Skipworth fought well against Zukertort; but the latter, getting a passed pawn by well-conceived exchanges, carried it to victory. Tschigorin won a King's Knight's Gambit, chivalrously accepted by Sellman; and the games between Bird and Mortimer and Rosenthal and English resulted in draws respectively. At the end of the day the score in this round stood as follows:—

Bird ... dr Mortimer ... dr Rosenthal ... dr English ... dr
Mason ... 0 Steinitz ... 1 Sellman ... 0 Tschigorin ... 1
Mackenzie ... 1 Noa ... 0 Skipworth ... 0 Zukertort ... 1
Winawer dr, Blackburne dr.

The Games between Mackenzie and Steinitz, and Blackburne and Zukertort were the principal encounters of the sixth round, played on Friday, the 4th instant. The opening moves of the *partie* between the first-named pair are as follows:—

(Ruy Lopez.)
WHITE (Mr. M.) BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th P to K 4th
2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th P to Kt 3rd
4. P to Q 4th P takes P
5. Kt takes P B to Kt 2nd
6. B to K 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
7. Kt to Q B 3rd Castles
8. Castles Kt to K 2nd
9. P to K R 3rd P to Q B 3rd
10. B to Q 3rd P to Q 4th
11. P takes P Q Kt takes P
12. Kt takes Kt Kt takes Kt
13. P to Q B 3rd Kt takes B
14. P takes Kt Q to Kt 4th
15. Q to K B 3rd B to Q 2nd
16. B to Q B 4th Q R to K sq
17. Q R to K sq B to K 4th

And White has now two Rooks and a minor piece against the Queen, a winning advantage. Blackburne adopted the Giuoco Piano against Zukertort, opening in the regular way, and casting on the Queen's side. Eventually he sacrificed a Knight to get a perpetual check, and so forced a *remise*. This was the only drawn game of the day. Skipworth played his favourite English opening against Dr. Noa, and about the thirtieth move won the exchange cleverly. This advantage he subsequently yielded for a greater one, a passed Pawn, which he queened, and thus won a well-defended game. Bird chose a Sicilian defence against Mason, and, with a piece to the bad, held out courageously until the resumption of play at seven o'clock, soon after which hour he struck his colours. Winawer beat English, Sellman beat Mortimer, and Rosenthal scored, the first time in this tourney, by defeating Tschigorin, after some ten hours' play. The score for the day is:—

Blackburne ... dr Zukertort ... dr Rosenthal ... 1 Tschigorin ... 0
Mackenzie ... 0 Steinitz ... 1 Sellman ... 1 Mortimer ... 0
Mason ... 1 Bird ... 0 Skipworth ... 1 Noa ... 0
Winawer ... 1 English ... 0

Every tournament is distinguished by the production, sooner or later, of a game which chess-players are wont to call its "Gem." Examples of scientific play are always abundant in competitions where the Master meets the Master. But these, unless marked by some striking *coup*, and they very rarely are so, are seen by the ordinary amateur as things remote—rather indistinctly. The "Gem" of this tourney was produced on Saturday, the 5th instant, a day devoted to playing off draws, when Zukertort defeated Blackburne by a combination so far-seeing and accurate as to surprise the Masters, and so striking as to delight the amateurs. We give this game in full.

WHITE (Dr. Z.) BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q B 4th P to K 3rd
2. P to K 3rd Kt to K B 3rd
3. Kt to K B 3rd P to Q Kt 3rd
4. B to K 2nd B to Kt 2nd
5. Castles P to Q 4th
6. P to Q 4th B to Q 3rd
7. Kt to B 3rd Castles
8. P to Q Kt 3rd Kt to Q 2nd
9. B to Kt 2nd Q to K 2nd
10. Kt to Q Kt 5th Kt to K 5th
11. Kt takes B P takes Kt
12. Kt to Q 2nd Kt (Q 2nd) to B 3rd
13. P to K B 3rd Kt takes Kt
14. Q takes Kt P takes P
15. B takes P P to Q 4th
16. B to Q 3rd K R to Q B sq
17. Q R to K sq R to Q B 2nd
18. P to K 4th Q R to Q B sq
19. P to K 5th Kt to K sq
20. P to B 4th P to Kt 3rd
21. R to K 3rd P to K B 4th

Mr. Blackburne subsequently considered that this weak move gave his adversary an immediate advantage.
22. P tks P (en pas.) Kt takes P
23. P to B 5th P to Kt 5th
24. B takes Kt P takes B
25. P takes Kt P to B 7th

Superlatives would be wasted in praise. Some applause followed the final stroke, but Dr. Zukertort, with good taste and good feeling, stopped it by an appealing gesture of his hands. Playing off the draw of the fifth round, Mortimer, with more spirit than prudence, opened with a Bishop's Gambit, which Bird defended with such irregularity as to disconcert his adversary. On the sixteenth move Bird won a "clear" Rook and Mortimer resigned after a few more moves. English scored a victory against Sellman, and Mason and Noa drew for the third time, therefore scoring half a point each. The game between Rosenthal and Winawer presented many changes of fortune, but was ultimately brought down to a struggle between K R and B (Rosenthal) against K and Q (Winawer), when it was abandoned as drawn. This being the third draw between these competitors, each according to rule scores half a point. M. Rosenthal, it may be remarked here, is not in his usual form. He could have won this game at one point by a very simple *coup*, but overlooked it, probably in consequence of the fatigue resulting from six or seven hours' hard fighting. The score of this day's play is:—

English ... 1 Sellman ... 0 Mason ... ½ Noa ... ½
Mortimer ... 0 Bird ... 1 Winawer ... ½ Rosenthal ... ½
Zukertort ... 1 Blackburne ... 0

We have not space to comment in detail upon the play of Monday and Tuesday, although on the last-named day Steinitz and Zukertort met for the first time in this tourney. We give the score of both days:—

Bird ... 1 Mackenzie ... 0 Zukertort ... 0 Steinitz ... 1
Rosenthal ... 1 Mortimer ... 0 Mackenzie ... dr Sellman ... dr
Blackburne ... 1 English ... 0 Skipworth ... dr Bird ... dr
Skipworth ... 0 Steinitz ... 1 Blackburne ... 1 Noa ... 0
Mason ... 1 Sellman ... 0 Rosenthal ... dr Mason ... dr
Zukertort ... 1 Noa ... 0 Winawer ... 1 Mortimer ... 0
Winawer ... 0 Tschigorin ... 1 Tschigorin ... 0 English ... 1

The score in the eight rounds played is as follows:—Zukertort, 7; Steinitz and Tschigorin, 6; Mason, 4½; Bird, Blackburne, and English, 4; Winawer, 3½; Mackenzie, 3; Rosenthal, 2½; Sellman and Skipworth, 2; Noa, 1½; and Mortimer, 0.

CITY ECHOES.

WEDNESDAY.

All last week there was such a general apprehension that the Bank rate might have to be raised that borrowing in advance of requirements was common, and as a protection against this demand lenders discounted, subject to any change which might be made by the Bank of England, with the alternative, however, of doing business right out at some addition to the then standard of 3 per cent. The result of a large expansion in the general requirements of the country and the anticipatory commercial demand referred to was that the other securities of the Bank of England were greatly increased, and, though some of the money obtained was merely transferred to deposit account, the decline in the reserve was considerable. It was, however, decided not to raise the rate, but there is not much confidence on the subject in the open market, that decision notwithstanding. The non-commercial reader should guard against laying too much stress upon the conditions. They are not infrequent, are due to the extreme refinement of monetary business in London, and exercise, as was pointed out last week, a salutary effect upon those who by their operations very much influence the course of the market. With the Bank rate at 3 per cent it matters little, if at all, to investors or ordinary traders whether an advance to 3½ takes place this week or next, or comes to be altogether avoided.

In the Stock Exchange such considerations do not fail, however, to have some influence. Consols have yielded a fraction, but in most other directions local and not general points had most effect. Thus in foreign bonds the tendency has improved, except as regards Turkish, and a few other descriptions, while home railways have in most cases gone back, in some instances considerably. The traffic statements continue disappointing, though general trade is fairly good, and the weather is fine and seasonable for both agricultural work and travel. The market for United States securities has been irregular, but the majority of the movements have been favourable. There has also been a considerable advance in Canadian Pacific shares. From being little over 60 they have steadily advanced to about 65, and the demand seems to increase just in proportion as the price rises. One reason for the extent of the recent rise is the publication of a telegram recounting the rate of progress in placing the shares.

With Grand Trunk and the associated securities, the experience has been the reverse of this, continued disappointing traffic returns, and increasing misgiving amongst holders for a recovery, have not only kept off purchases, but have caused sales from time to time. On Saturday the downward movement was increased by it becoming known that the company's North Shore Bill had been flung out by the Dominion Senate. The North Shore Railway connects Montreal with Quebec on the left side of the St. Lawrence looking seawards from Montreal. The company already held the railway on the right side, and it is taken for granted that the desire to acquire the companion line was based upon the assumption that the Canadian Pacific would otherwise obtain it. It is not easy for an onlooker to learn all the bearings of such a case, but on the face of it I should say that the Grand Trunk is better without further commitments. On Monday and Tuesday large sales of Grand Trunk stocks followed the failure of a firm of money brokers. T. S.

THE MURDER CONSPIRACIES IN IRELAND.

Indictments were presented on the 3rd inst. to the Dublin County Grand Jury and to the City Grand Jury against a large number of persons concerned in the outrages of the last twelve months in Dublin. True bills were found against five prisoners for attempting to murder Mr. Denis J. Field: against thirteen prisoners for conspiring to murder Mr. Burke and others; against O'Brien and M'Caffrey for the murder of Mr. Burke; against Fitzharris for being an accessory after the fact, and against Tynan ("No. 1"), Walsh, and Sheridan for murder. The trials were then begun. James Mullett and William Moroney pleaded guilty to a charge of conspiracy to murder; their sentences were postponed. Lawrence Hanlon was charged with wounding Mr. Field with intent to murder him. Mr. Field stated that he was on the jury in a capital charge in that court in September. On the evening of Nov. 27, when near his own house, he was knocked down by four men, stabbed, and left for dead. Other witnesses identified the prisoner as one of Mr. Field's assailants, the others being Brady, Tim Kelly, and Dan Delaney. The same night Hanlon detailed to a witness named Farrell the circumstances of the attempted assassination. The trial was resumed and concluded yesterday week, and upon the conviction the prisoner was sentenced to penal servitude for life. Fitzharris, who had been acquitted on the charge of murder, was indicted for having feloniously aided the escape of Daniel Curley and Michael Fagan from the Phoenix Park on May 6 last. Fitzharris having pleaded not guilty, the Court adjourned.

Kingston, Healy, and Gibney were again brought up before Messrs. O'Donnell and Woodlock, in Dublin, yesterday week, on the charge of conspiring to murder. Evidence was given by William Jamie, an approver, and other witnesses with regard to their connection with the "Vigilance Committee" for murder. They were again remanded.

The third trial of Timothy Kelly for the murder of Mr. Thomas H. Burke, in the Phoenix Park, at the Green-street Court House, before Mr. Justice O'Brien and a special jury, was brought to a close on Wednesday evening. The jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to death.

A large number of awards of compensation for murders and injuries during the agrarian agitation were gazetted in Dublin last week. Peter Doherty, of Carrigeens East, in county Galway, is awarded £600 for the murder of his son; Bridget Ruane, £400 for the murder of her husband, Thady Ruane, the servant of Mr. Blake (Lord Clanricarde's agent) at Loughrea, where Mr. Blake himself was also murdered; Michael Feerick, of Ballinrobe, £450 for the murder of his son, David Feerick; Bridget Connell, of Coolaght, county Mayo, £130 for injuries received; Mary Dempsey, of Riverville, near Loughrea, £800 for the murder of her husband, Peter Dempsey (the man who took the farm given up by Murty Hynes in obedience to Land League dictation); Mrs. Rawn Wallace, wife of Corporal Wallace, £300 for the murder of her husband, while he was escorting Mr. Walter Bourke, who was also murdered; Mrs. Blake, widow of the above-mentioned Mr. Blake, £1200 for personal injuries, and £3000 for the murder of her husband; David Freehill, of Bracklowboy, in the county of Mayo, £200 for the murder of his son Patrick; Lady Mountmorres, £3000 for the murder of her husband; and John Dillon, of Carnacarta, in the county of Mayo, £500 for the murder of his father.

The claim of ten thousand pounds as compensation by Mr. Field, the Dublin juror, who was stabbed last November, was last Saturday investigated, preliminary to an award being made by the Lord Lieutenant. It was stated that Mr. Field still suffered severely from his injuries; that his business had been ruined; and that he would be obliged to leave the country.

THE COURT.

Her Majesty, who has continued to take daily out-of-doors driving exercise, was well enough to attend Divine service on Sunday, performed at Osborne by the Rev. Henry White, of the Savoy Chapel, Princess Beatrice, and Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein being present. Mr. White dined with the Queen. The Court left the Isle of Wight on Tuesday, her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, with Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, and the infant Princess Alice of Albany, crossing from East Cowes in the *Alberta* to Gosport, the remainder of the journey being made by special train to Windsor, and the castle reached at two p.m. The Queen was represented at the funeral of the Dean of Windsor at Chertsey by General the Right Hon. Sir Henry Ponsonby and Major-General Sir John Cowell, and the Prince of Wales by Lieutenant-Colonel Clarke. A telegram of condolence was sent by her Majesty to Lady Vernon on the death of Lord Vernon. Major-General Sir John M'Neill went to Portsmouth, by command of the Queen, to inquire for those who were injured by the explosion at Priddy's Hard immediately after the occurrence. Sympathetic messages were also sent by her Majesty to the families, and liberal donations for providing funeral clothing for the widows, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar attending the funerals of those killed.

The Queen's Drawingroom at Buckingham Palace on Thursday was held by the Princess of Wales, who will hold another, on her Majesty's behalf, on the 21st inst.

Art, science, philanthropy, and progress generally have received the Prince of Wales's energetic co-operation and attention during the week. Meetings of the British Museum and the Royal College of Music have been attended by his Royal Highness, with the Princess and his daughters, he was at the Royal private view of the Royal Academy Exhibition at Burlington House; his Royal Highness the same evening presiding at the annual dinner of King's College Hospital at Willis's Rooms; and on Saturday evening, accompanied by Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar (who was on a visit at Marlborough House), he dined with Sir Frederick Leighton, the President, and the Council of the Royal Academy of Arts at Burlington House, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Cambridge, and the Duke of Teck being also of the guests. Princes Albert Victor and George of Wales arrived the previous night from Lausanne. Divine service was attended on Sunday by the Prince and Princess and all their family. On Monday his Royal Highness, accompanied by the Princess and his sons, opened the Royal College of Music at Kensington-gore, when it was announced by the Prince that her Majesty had conferred knighthood upon Mr. Arthur Sullivan, Mr. George Grove (Director of the Royal College of Music), and Professor G. A. Macfarren, in recognition of their services. In the afternoon their Royal Highnesses, with their family, were present at a grand military chess tournament with living pieces in aid of the funds of the Royal Hospital for Women and Children and the West-End Hospital for the Nervous System, at Hengler's Circus, the "pieces" being men and boys of the Household Brigade who had been trained by Colonel Stirling. The Duchess of Edinburgh and the Duke and Duchess of Teck were at the performance. The Prince gave a dinner party on Tuesday at Marlborough House to thirty-four gentlemen chiefly interested in the furtherance of the science of music. The Duke of Edinburgh dined with him. The Princess, with Princes Albert Victor and George, went to the Haymarket Theatre in the evening. Her Royal Highness, with her daughters, was present at an afternoon concert given in aid of the funds of the Princess Frederica's Convalescent Home at Dudley House recently. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have lunched with their Royal Highnesses at Marlborough House. The Prince and Princess have been to the Court and the Globe Theatres. The Prince has joined the committee of the Park Band Society, and has sent a contribution to its funds. His Royal Highness will open the International Fisheries Exhibition at South Kensington to-day (Saturday).

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh left Clarence House last Saturday on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Bagshot. The Duke presided on Wednesday evening at the Trinity House annual banquet, the Prince of Wales being present.

EMIGRATION.

Four steamers sailed from Liverpool on the 26th ult. for Canada direct, carrying upwards of 2000 emigrants, including 350 specially-selected agricultural labourers from the neighbourhood of Spalding, who are under the guidance of Mr. Richardson, one of the leading officers of Mr. Joseph Arch's Agricultural Labourers' Union.—The *Almora*, Queensland Royal Mail steamer, Captain Hay, left Plymouth for Queensland on the 25th ult., having on board the following emigrants:—47 married couples, 179 single men, 69 single women, 72 children.—The Agent-General for the Cape has been informed by telegram of the safe arrival in the colony of the party of emigrants on board the steam-ship *Duke of Argyll*, and of the arrival of the *Nerbudda* with emigrants. He sent out by the *Danube*, which sailed on April 28 from Southampton, 139 emigrants, men, women, and children. These consisted of 104 artisans, domestic servants, and families, 25 recruits for the Cape Infantry, and 10 recruits for the Cape Mounted Riflemen.—Sir Saul Samuel, Agent-General for New South Wales, has been informed by telegram of the arrival in Sydney of the ship *Allanshaw*, which sailed from Plymouth with emigrants in January last.—The ship *Ilawarra*, of 1887 tons, Captain D. B. Carvosso, chartered by Sir Saul Samuel, K.C.M.G., Agent-General for New South Wales, sailed from Plymouth for Sydney on the 3rd inst. with 491 emigrants.—Arrangements have been made in the Swinford Union for the emigration of 200 persons, to be sent to Queenstown to be shipped on board the *Furnessia*, sailing on Friday for New York.

Lord Aberdeen, the Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, laid the foundation-stone on the 2nd inst. of a Scottish National Church in Pont-street.

At a meeting of the Victoria Philosophical Institute held on Monday evening, it was announced that the number of members now exceeds 1000. Dr. Porter, President of the Queen's College, read a paper showing that science was in no way opposed to revelation, and a discussion ensued.

The Council of the Royal Academy have this year applied their powers under the Chantrey Bequest by buying two pictures from the present year's exhibition; one, a view on the Thames, by Mr. Wylie, and the other a snow scene in the Highlands, by Mr. Joseph Farquharson, brother of Dr. Farquharson, M.P.

We have to announce, with great sorrow, the loss of a valued personal friend on the staff of the *Illustrated London News*, an artist of remarkable talents and accomplishments, Mr. Samuel Read, a member of the Society of Painters in Water Colours. He died at Sidmouth, on the Devonshire coast, last Sunday, from a stroke of spasmodic paralysis, having experienced a milder paralytic shock about six months ago. A portrait and brief Memoir of Mr. Read will appear in this Journal next week.

NATIONAL SPORTS.

Year by year the Chester Meeting retrogrades steadily, and the lowest depth has surely been reached when the once-famous Cup can bring out a field of only six thorough commoners. Little merit attaches to the victory of Biserta (6st. 4lb.), as the pace was miserable in the extreme for fully three-fourths of the distance, and thus a race of two miles and a quarter was virtually decided by a five furlong sprint; and it is not, therefore, surprising that five of the runners finished "all of a heap." The Duke of Westminster, whose patronage is the mainstay of the fixture, had a rare time of it, as his three representatives—Incendiary, Pan, and Whipper In—took four races between them. Pan, the two-year-old, has not much size, but is evidently pretty smart, and, being by Sterling from Pandora, is well enough bred for anything. A very indifferent lot turned out for the Dee Stakes, which was won cleverly by John Jones, a son of John Davis and Arista; Export was crushed by his penalty, but he runs worse and worse each time he appears in public, and is such a bad roarer that he is scarcely likely to win again except over five furlong courses. The Kempton Meeting at the end of the week was a really good one, as almost every event produced capital fields, and a high-class quartet contested the Westminster Cup. Lucerne gained such golden opinions by his recent performances at Newmarket that he was more fancied than any of the older horses, yet he was the first beaten when it fairly came to racing. Wallenstein was also done with a long way from home, and eventually Tristan was cleverly beaten by Barcardine, who was the outsider of the party. As the Irish horse was allowed to start at 10 to 1, he could not have been fancied even by the clever division immediately identified with him; and, unless the form is too good to be true, it is evident that Mr. Peck would have had a Cesarewitch or Cambridge-shire completely at his mercy had he chosen to reserve Barcardine for one of those events. Old Herald (7st. 10lb.) upset a great favourite in Reputation (10st.) for the Kempton Park Stewards' Cup, in which the top weight scarcely finished so generously as he might have done, though this is not surprising when we remember the numerous races he has contested under welter weights during the past twelve months. On Saturday, Primavera, the winner of the Brocklesby Stakes, rather lost caste by sustaining an easy defeat from Limosa in the May Auction Stakes; but Reprieve fully sustained her high character in the International Breeders' Two-Year-Old Stakes, for, though she only won by a head, she was conceding 12lb. to the *Peine de Cœur* filly and Superba, who were, respectively, second and third.

The Newmarket Second Spring Meeting was as quiet as usual; and as the appearance of the programme was by no means attractive, and the opening day was dreadfully wet and cold, there were comparatively few people present on the heath. The funeral of Thomas Aldcroft, a famous jockey well known to the last generation of race-goers, took place in the morning, and was numerously attended. Aldcroft was one of the most determined finishers ever seen, and was a great favourite with the late Earl of Glasgow, for whom he rode for many years, and by whom he was bequeathed an annuity. Export again cut up wretchedly in the Burwell Stakes, which fell to Blue Glass, one of the best of the American three-year-olds, still, though he can be improved in point of condition, we doubt if he will ever develop into more than a moderate performer. The Payne Stakes, which was decided on Wednesday, fell to Splendor, who was in receipt of 10lb. from Ladislas, and beat Mr. Lefevre's Derby horse by three parts of a length. The latter did not, however, recede much in the betting on account of this unexpected defeat, as he can probably be improved a little in the course of the next fortnight, and, moreover, had Ossian, Grandmaster, and seven others behind him.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The Prince of Wales, on Monday last, performed the ceremony of opening the Royal College of Music, at Kensington, of which his Royal Highness is the President, and the establishment of which he has, with the other Princes, worked most successfully to promote. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their two sons, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, were received at the Royal College of Music by Lord Charles Bruce and other members of the Committee, and by Dr. George Grove, the Director, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone and Miss Gladstone, the Duke of Westminster, the Lord Mayor of London, and many other persons of rank, were among the company. They assembled in a temporary reception room at the entrance to the College building. After a prayer from the Archbishop, Dr. George Grove read the address of the Committee to his Royal Highness, giving an account of the foundation of the College, the state of its finances, and its prospects of usefulness. The Prince of Wales spoke at some length in reply, thanking the donors and subscribers, the municipal authorities and other corporate bodies, for their liberal contributions to the funds of this institution, and describing the scheme of endowed scholarships; he dwelt also upon the social benefits of music, and announced the Queen's intention to bestow a knighthood upon Dr. George Grove, and likewise upon Mr. Arthur Sullivan and Professor Macfarren, eminent masters of this art. We give an illustration of the scene when his Royal Highness announced the opening of the College.

FIRE AT FREEMASONS' HALL.

On Thursday night of last week, a fire broke out in this fine hall, adjacent to the Freemasons' Tavern, in Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, and in less than an hour the hall was entirely destroyed, with its splendid decorations, statuary, and paintings, which all must regret. This was the old hall, built in 1775 especially for the meetings of the Grand Lodge of Freemasons of England, and sometimes called "the Temple" of that Order. There is another large hall attached to the Freemasons' Tavern, distinguished as the banquetting hall, which was built in 1869, and which is used for various public dinners, balls, and meetings in general. In former times, however, the use of Freemasons' Hall was occasionally granted to the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society and to other philanthropic associations. Our illustration presents a view of the interior in ruins after the fire last week. This was confined to the hall and its contents, there being no windows in the side walls, and the other rooms occupied by the Grand Lodge of Freemasons remain uninjured. Among the objects of value now destroyed were the full-length portraits of several Past Grand Masters, members of the Royal family, William, Duke of Cumberland, 1781, George, Prince of Wales, 1790, the Duke of Sussex, 1813, and Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, 1875, besides the Duke of Kent, the Earl of Moira, the Earl of Zetland, and several others. The fire was caused by overheating a fire. It threatened to extend to the adjacent buildings of the banquetting hall and Freemasons' Tavern, but the mischief there was arrested by the use of Messrs. Merryweather and Sons' system of fire hydrants and hose, with which the tavern is furnished.

HOME NEWS.

Earl Cowper, K.G., has been elected by the Town Council of Colchester to the office of High Steward of the borough.

Lord Belper has nominated the Hon. Robert Grimston as his successor in the presidency of the Marylebone Cricket Club.

The Rev. Dr. Scott has resigned the headmastership of Westminster School, which he has held since the year 1855.

Official notice has been issued of the readiness of the Post Office to begin the Inland Parcels Post from Aug. 1 next.

The first meet of the Coaching Club will be at the Magazine, Hyde Park, at 12.30 next Saturday to drive to Hurlingham.

The annual meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute took place this week, twelve papers being presented for discussion.

Prince Louis Jerome Bonaparte, second son of Prince Napoleon, has been entered at Cheltenham College, and begins his studies there this month.

The University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire, towards which the Government has promised £4000 per annum, is to be opened at Cardiff in October next.

Mr. Stephen Williamson, M.P. for the St. Andrew's Burghs, has intimated his intention to contribute £1000 to the St. Andrew's University Endowment scheme.

A baronetcy is to be conferred upon Mr. C. J. Jessel, in consideration of the eminent services of his father, the late Master of the Rolls.

The Municipality of Singapore have asked Major-General Sir Andrew Clarke, K.C.M.G., to select and send them out a chief engineer salary, £1000 a year.

The Founder's medal of the Royal Geographical Society is to be given to Sir Joseph Hooker, F.R.S., for his eminent services in scientific geography.

It is stated that Dr. Profitt, the Queen's Commissioner at Balmoral, has been appointed executor for the late Mr. John Brown. The estate is expected to value more than £20,000.

Mr. George J. Atkinson, who for some years past has been the Deputy Town Clerk of Liverpool, has been unanimously appointed Town Clerk, in succession to the late Mr. Rayner.

The 13th Bengal Lancers is in future to be called the 13th (Duke of Connaught's) Bengal Lancers, in commemoration of the appointment of the Duke of Connaught as honorary Colonel to that regiment.

The National Health Society held a meeting at Grosvenor House on Wednesday, and preparations are actively progressing for the Exhibition of Sanitary Appliances, Hygienic Dress, and Decoration, which it is proposed to open next month.

While the men were engaged as usual in filling shells at Priddy's Hard Magazine, Portsmouth, last Saturday, a shell burst, and blew the roof off the shed. Six persons were killed, and several others injured.

Mr. Leonard Field has been elected a Bencher of the Hon. Society of the Inner Temple, in place of the late Mr. Harrison. The office of Examiner for the Pupil Scholarship in Equity in the Inner Temple becomes vacant by Mr. Field's appointment.

The resignation of Sir Stafford Carey, Bailiff and President of the States of the Island of Guernsey, has been announced. Sir Stafford, who was formerly Recorder of Dartmouth, is over eighty years of age, and has held his office nearly forty years.

The Registrar-General's last quarterly return shows that the births of 295,493 children and the deaths of 198,426 persons were registered in the three months ending March 31. The number of persons married in the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1882, was 144,894.

A general meeting of the Committee of the Egyptian War Fund was held on the 3rd inst., General Sir H. C. Taylor presiding. A report of the fund, with a detailed account of the expenditure, was read by Captain Tully, hon. secretary, which afforded abundant evidence of the great value of the work that had been accomplished.

During the week ending May 5, six steamers with live stock on board, and eight with fresh meat, arrived at Liverpool from the United States and Canada; and the total shipments conveyed by them show a very large increase in both live stock and fresh beef; but a decrease in mutton in comparison with the arrivals of the preceding week.

Last month 14 tons 2 cwt. of fish were seized at Billingsgate Market by the officers of the Fishmongers' Company, and destroyed as unfit for human food. Nearly 12 tons were shell-fish. The fish included crabs, jack, lobsters, trout, dabs, gurnets, haddocks, herrings, mussels, oysters, periwinkles, salmon, shrimps, and skate.

There were 2545 births and 1504 deaths registered in London last week. The deaths included 2 from smallpox, 55 from measles, 22 from scarlet fever, 16 from diphtheria, 24 from whooping-cough, 3 from typhus, and 19 from diarrhoea and dysentery. In Greater London 3269 births and 1855 deaths were registered.

The Pope has conferred upon Mr. Oliver J. Burke, a distinguished member of the Irish Bar, a knighthood of the first class (Grand Cross) of the Order of St. Gregory the Great, in consideration of a work written by Mr. Burke entitled "History of the Catholic Archbishops of Tuam from the Earliest Times to the Death of Archbishop MacLaul, 1881."

The registrars and solicitors practising in Circuit No. 9 of the county courts—comprising Ashton-under-Lyne, Stockport, Hyde, Macclesfield, and Congleton—have made a handsome presentation to Mr. Joseph St. John Yates, who presided as Judge over these courts for more than thirty years, with unvarying urbanity, ability, and impartiality. The testimonial (designed and manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co.) consists of a silver centrepiece, an elongated plateau very richly ornamented with chasing, pierced work, and foliage, amongst which the cotton plant, emblem of the leading industry of the district, is pre-eminent.

An important sale of shares in the New River Company was recently held at the Auction Mart. Mr. Bousfield, who acted as auctioneer, stated that on the present occasion he had to offer one-half of a King's Share, smaller proportions of other King's Shares, and twenty New £100 Shares. He explained that the former were freehold property and passed by deed, being called King's Shares because, when James I. assisted the founder, Sir Hugh Middleton, with funds to complete his great undertaking, a moiety of the entire concern, divided for the purpose of this arrangement into seventy-two equal parts or shares, was assigned to the King, and subsequently this moiety, or thirty-six shares, was re-assigned to the company in consideration of an annual payment for ever of £500 a year, the present income from the shares so commuted being for last year nearly £92,000. In twenty years the dividend per share had risen from £876 to £2451, and the company's income from £220,000 to £473,000, and the present dividend was at the rate of about 12 per cent. The property was divided into eighty-three lots, the King Shares being sold in fractions of one hundredths, one hundred and sixtieths, sixtieths, and one hundred and ninety seconds, and fetched at the rate of about £91,000 for an entire share. The New £100 Shares, fully paid, sold at £380 and £385, the total amount of the day's sale being £60,670.



THE LATE MR. FRANK HATTON.

THE LATE REV. JOHN RUSSELL.

The death of this well-known North Devon clergyman, or rather country gentleman in clerical orders, as he was better known for his performances in the hunting-field and his social popularity, was recently announced. Granting the lawfulness of riding to foxhounds, as the recreation of an ordained minister of the Established Church residing in the country, it can only be said that "Parson Jack Russell" did this manfully, heartily, and bravely, all through a long and otherwise blameless life. His parish does not appear to have suffered from neglect of the ordinary ministrations, and his personal character was such as to win the respect and attachment of all his neighbours, high and low, who liked him freely to enjoy the kind of pastime most valued by rural popular opinion. Mr. Russell was a distant kinsman of the Bedford Russell family, but was the son of a clergyman, the Rector of Iddesleigh, who is said also to have been fond of hunting, if not a keeper of hounds, and to have been, nevertheless, a very good scholar and a very good preacher. The late Rev. J. Russell was born at Iddesleigh, on Dec. 21, 1795, and was educated at the Plympton Grammar School, at Blundell's School, Tiverton, and at Balliol College and Exeter College, Oxford. In 1819 he was ordained deacon, and priest in 1820; he took a curacy at George Nympton, near South Molton; subsequently resided six years at Iddesleigh; and in 1833 became Perpetual Curate (afterwards styled Vicar) of Swymbridge, between that place and Barnstaple, where he remained till 1840, and then accepted the Rectory of Black Torrington; all these places being in North Devon. He married a lady of



FIRE AT FREEMASONS' HALL, GREAT QUEEN-STREET.

Swymbridge, Miss Penelope Bury, who died a few years ago. Mr. Russell was a patron of agricultural improvement; and it was in 1865, at the Royal Agricultural Society's Plymouth meeting, that he first met the Prince of Wales. His Royal Highness liked Mr. Russell, and kept up the acquaintance, inviting him several times to stay at Sandringham, where he became a welcome guest. As a matter of course, he had many old friends among the nobility and gentry of Devonshire; and with the families, more especially of Earl Fortescue and of the Earl of Portsmouth, near whom he resided, Mr. Russell was intimate throughout his life. He died at Black Torrington Rectory, on the 28th ult., in the eighty-eighth year of his age. A biography of Mr. Russell, in one volume, was published two or three years ago.

The Portrait is from a photograph, in hunting dress, by Mr. W. Britton, of Barnstaple.

THE LATE MR. FRANK HATTON.

Science has lost a promising student, and Mr. Joseph Hatton, who is well known and esteemed as an accomplished man of letters, has lost a devoted son, by the untimely death of Mr. Frank Hatton, during a successful exploring expedition in the tropical wilds of North Borneo. The sad news came by way



THE LATE REV. J. RUSSELL, OF NORTH DEVON.

of Hong-Kong, in a telegram from Sir Walter Medhurst, and was communicated to Mr. Hatton's family in London by Lord Elphinstone (vice-chairman of the British North Borneo Company) in a letter of condolence, accompanied with a high and well-deserved tribute to the merits of that brilliant young officer. The accident occurred on March 1. The news reached London on the 22nd; but the details only arrived on the 2nd inst., the district where this happened being far away from postal communication. It appears that the expedition of which Mr. Frank Hatton was in command had explored a region hitherto unknown, and was on its way back to civilisation. They were in boats, and sighted elephants not far from the river. Mr. Hatton shot and wounded one. Leaping ashore, he called his boy, a Malay, to go with him. They followed in pursuit a short time. The animal trumpeting loudly, as if inclined to show fight, Mr. Hatton returned to his boats for a party of his men. Night coming on, they soon had to give up the pursuit. On his way back to the river, Mr. Hatton, while passing under a vine or rattan, raised his rifle (a Winchester) to push aside the obstruction. As he did so, the weapon exploded. "Oodeen, Oodeen, mati saha!" (I am killed!) he exclaimed, in Malay. His faithful attendant (a Tutong lad named Oodeen) rushed towards him, and he laid his head upon his boy's shoulder. The men uttered a loud cry of distress. Mr. Beveridge, an Australian mining explorer, who had accompanied Mr. Hatton, was some fifty or sixty yards away. He ran to the spot only in time to see the young traveller breathe his last. The scene was extremely touching. The native escort were in tears, some of them in their lamentations crying, "Better we had



THE PRINCE OF WALES OPENING THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC.



IRISH DISTRESS: GATHERING SEA-WEED FOR FOOD ON THE COAST OF CLARE.

died." Mr. Beveridge had the body placed in a "gobang," or native boat, and, under his direction, a crew of Mr. Hatton's devoted followers, never resting for sleep, rowed the body during fifty-three hours, night and day, until they reached Sandakan. Dr. Walker (who left England nearly two years ago, with Mr. Hatton, for Borneo) examined the body. All the circumstances bore out the narratives of the men. An inquest was held; the verdict was that of accidental death; and the jury added an expression of their special regret for "the sudden death of Mr. Hatton, who, as an explorer and mineralogist, had proved himself of much value to the British North Borneo Company, and to the world generally, and on account of his many social qualities." They also commended the devotion of Mr. Beveridge, and of the native attendants, in taking care of the body. All the Europeans of the settlement, and a crowd of natives and Chinese attended the funeral, and showed the esteem and affection in which the deceased gentleman was held. The despatches of Governor Treacher and President Pryer bear express testimony to his skill, discretion, and devotion to science, and to the company's service. Mr. Pryer says that Mr. Hatton's name will be attached to the first correct chart of the splendid river Kinabatangan, and will always be lovingly associated with the scientific exploration of North Borneo. The body will be exhumed and conveyed to England for interment at Kensal Green, or some other London cemetery, and will arrive in London about the time that his family hoped to have welcomed him home again in life.

Although he had not yet completed his twenty-second year, Mr. Frank Hatton had already distinguished himself in his chosen vocation. Before his appointment, in 1881, to the post he held on the staff of the British North Borneo Company, he was made an Associate of the Institute of Chemistry and Fellow of the Chemical Society. A few weeks ago he was mentioned with Dr. Frankland in a paper read at the Society of Engineers as an authority on the subject of water filtration, at whose suggestion a new method was to be adopted at the Antwerp waterworks. His investigation of the influence of gases on bacteria won him the Frankland prize as well as the Associateship of the Institute of Chemistry. His papers read before the Chemical Society were widely quoted in English and foreign scientific journals. He was a member of the Berlin Chemical Society, and of the Straits branch of the Royal Asiatic Society. For his work in Borneo he had qualified himself by unremitting labour. He spoke and wrote the languages of the country, Malay and Dusun. His reports from this part of the world cover all the ground of scientific exploration—geographical, geological, and otherwise—and are considered by competent authorities to be in every way singularly valuable. Dr. Walker, in a letter to Mr. Hatton's family, says—"He stood the Bornean climate well, and when last I saw him alive was stronger in physique and looked better than when I left England as his fellow-passenger."

DISTRESS ON WEST COAST OF IRELAND.

The impoverished and helpless condition of large numbers of the Irish peasantry on the moorlands, bogs, and mountains of the western counties, has of late years occupied a huge share of public attention; but the remedy will probably be found in bold measures of State-assisted emigration. It is undeniable that the soil and climate of that side of Ireland looking towards the Atlantic Ocean, and resembling in this aspect the Western Highlands of Scotland, forbid all hope of maintaining a large population by agricultural industry. It is no question of rent; the people could not live decently and comfortably on such land, if they had the land rent-free; and they have been enabled to pay any rent, in past years, only by coming over to England in hay-time or harvest-time, to earn a few pounds in the wages of our field-labour. Nature, indeed, has been very unkind to the poor natives of those wild and unproductive portions of the sister island; and they cannot always be sure even of getting a sufficiency of potatoes. Certain edible species of sea-weed are found on the coast, which bear, in the Celtic language of primitive Erin, the names of "dhliak" and "Carrigan," and which are said to be not unwholesome, or devoid of nutritious substance, when boiled and eaten as human food. The business of collecting this sort of commodity on the rocky shore of Clare County, and that of picking and drying it for sale, are delineated in our Artist's Sketches taken a few months ago.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has given his decision with regard to the meadow land at the rear of Lambeth Palace. His Grace refers to the legal difficulties in the way of even a temporary alienation of land of which he is only a life-owner, and says that he is consulting the best interests of the poor by maintaining and extending the usefulness of the ground, but he is not able to make it available for more than thirty clubs who play there. He hopes, however, to give to children and others greater facilities of enjoying the place as a recreation-ground than at present.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The Whitsuntide recess has come—in time to give the architects of the Lower House leisure for reflection. Albeit time has been economised in the Grand Committees on Law and Trade (wherein the Court of Criminal Appeal Bill and the Bankruptcy Bill have progressed), the general backwardness of Ministerial legislation is manifestly increasing the pallor and careworn expression of Mr. Gladstone's face, and causing Mr. Chamberlain's sharp features to become sharper still. This growing severity may bode ill for debonaire obstructives, who waste time with as light a heart as M. Emile Ollivier embarked on the disastrous campaign against Germany. Clearly, if the war Prime Minister should be driven into accepting the bold advice of Mr. Jesse Collings, and should feel impelled to intimate to his garrulous adversaries that prerogation would not be thought of till every Government measure had been dealt with, the Ministry would command the support of the long-suffering Liberals.

The Lords meanwhile continue to transact much useful business in a quiet sort of way. Many private measures have been unobtrusively passed. Questions of import are in the Upper House still brought forward and decided in one sitting. On Monday, Lord Balfour of Burleigh had reason on his side when he moved that the present wasteful custom of dropping unpassed bills entirely at the end of the Session should be discontinued, in order that the consideration of measures might be resumed at the stage they had reached. But with a consensus of opinion against the change—Earl Granville, for a wonder, agreeing with Lord Cranbrook, the Marquis of Salisbury, and Lord Redesdale on this question—Lord Balfour gracefully withdrew his logical proposition. Though another rational proposal was negatived on Tuesday—the Earl of Dunraven's annual resolution in favour of granting to Londoners the privilege enjoyed with profit by residents in Manchester, Birmingham, Kew, and Hampton Court—the right to visit the national museums and picture galleries of the metropolis on Sunday—there were not wanting signs that we are within a "measurable distance" of this concession, desirable on the whole. Their Royal Highnesses the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh (whom one is glad to find marching with the times) paired in favour of Lord Dunraven's motion; and Lord Granville, in signifying support of the change, showed the Earl of Shaftesbury and Lord Cairns that the reported antagonism of certain bodies of working men was really directed against "the further increase of Sunday labour," which everybody admitted to be inexpedient, and not against the Sunday opening of museums. The noble Earl also cited Mr. Gladstone's vote last year in favour of the resolution as another point in its favour. Yet the Earl of Dunraven once more found himself in a minority—the voting was 91 against 67—and Lord Shaftesbury's amendment for throwing open the national institutions in question on week-day evenings was carried. But how many hard-workers will care, after a day of toil, to examine these treasures of art and science?

The battle of the Affirmation Bill has been fought and won by the Opposition with a more powerful weapon than argument—prejudice. The exalted eloquence of Mr. Gladstone, and argumentative acumen of Sir Henry James and Sir Farrer Herschell, proved no match for the foregone conclusions of the majority (comprising some Liberals) who had resolved to follow the lead of Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir Stafford Northcote. Seldom has there been heard such a shout of victory as was sent up in the small hours of Friday morning, May 4, when the majority of three against the Government was made known at the table, and the Affirmation Bill was rejected by 292 votes against 289. Events may yet prove (as Mr. Goschen reasonably warned the House) that Mr. Bradlaugh has been excluded from his seat at too great a cost.

The heterodox member for Northampton was again the centre of attraction at the commencement of Friday's sitting. So jubilant were the Opposition leaders that they complacently resigned themselves to the wedging in they had to endure in consequence of the overcrowded condition of the front Opposition bench. What Sir Stafford Northcote will do when Lord Randolph Churchill, unfolded in Elisha's mantle, seeks by right a place on the same bench it is difficult to surmise. The Earl of Rosebery (who will soon bemoan at home in the peers' gallery of the Commons than he is in the Upper House itself) smilingly called Lord Donoughmore's attention to the couple beneath them, Mr. Bradlaugh and Mr. Labouchere quietly conversing with characteristic sang-froid. The House, in a word, was at its fullest when Sir Henry Brand announced that he, as Speaker, had received from Mr. Bradlaugh a letter asking to be allowed to take "the oath required by law," and in case of any difficulty, respectfully requesting to be heard at the bar in support of his claim. Representing the majority on this vexed question, the Leader of the Opposition moved that Mr. Bradlaugh, in view of his atheistical opinions, be not allowed to take the oath of allegiance; but had no objection to his stating his

case at the bar. The brass rods being drawn out, the member regarded as a *bête noire* stood erect; and entered into a strong and courageously delivered defence of his right to his seat, which he claimed in the name of the law, denying the right of anyone to stand between him and his duty to his constituents. The "previous question," moved by Mr. Labouchere, was listlessly, and in a painfully subdued tone (it was impossible for so sensitive a statesman as Mr. Gladstone to experience the rebuff of the rejection of the Affirmation Bill without deeply feeling the sting), supported by the Premier; but the mortification of Ministers must have been increased by the adoption of Sir Stafford Northcote's motion by the large majority of 106—271 against 165. Every part of the House, save the body of the Chamber itself, meantime continues to be open to Mr. Bradlaugh, who on Tuesday, however, received a pretty plain hint from the Speaker that any attempt to attain his end by force (an intention with which he was credited or discredited by an unauthorised report) would be duly met—presumably by entire exclusion from St. Stephen's.

The cold triumph of Mr. Parnell at the part he and his followers took in the defeat of the Ministry which has conscientiously laboured to do justice to Ireland, could not be wholly repressed by that usually imperturbable member.

Mr. W. H. Smith has a strong rival competitor for the reversion of the First Lordship of the Admiralty in Lord Henry Lennox, who, almost with his blushing honours thick upon him, took the floor in gallant fashion on Monday, and repeated his familiar arguments for doubling the number of ships in the British Navy. Lord Henry Lennox is concerned at the progress France is making in ship-building for the Navy; but neither Mr. Campbell-Bannerman nor Sir Thomas Brassey need fear the dockyards of our neighbours while his Lordship keeps a weather eye on Toulon and Cherbourg; and is resolved, to use a favourite phrase of his own, "to maintain inviolate the Empire of the Queen in every part of the world."

Southport has been made a flourishing Watering-Place through the judicious enterprise of the far-seeing Lancashire lads of its Town Council. It was so obviously undesirable that the progress of Southport should be retarded by the usurpation of its foreshore that Mr. Dodson was hardly well advised to render it necessary for Mr. Jesse Collings to move the adjournment on Tuesday in order to blame the executive of the Duchy of Lancaster. But, after the explanation of the Chancellor of the Duchy and the promise of his "good offices" in the matter, Southport should not be the loser by this discussion. Albeit there was no immediate result to Mr. E. Stanhope's eloquent endeavour the same evening to persuade the House to vote for a decrease of expenditure in India—by-the-way, the hon. member who happened to be Under-Secretary when the colossal cost of the Afghan War for a "scientific frontier" was saddled on India was hardly the one to enter this plea for economy on the part of his successors—still, the admirable answer of Mr. J. K. Cross unmistakably indicated that no effort will be wanting to lessen the burdens borne by India. As it was, the debate was postponed—until it is convenient to the Government to allow it to be resumed—rather an uncertain date: witness the continued postponement of the Transvaal discussion.

The main promise of May, so far as the Ministry is concerned, will in all probability be the instalment of reform offered to agriculturists. Consideration of Mr. Staveley Hill's Agricultural Holdings Bill was postponed on Wednesday, not unreasonably under the circumstances; and an interesting discussion ensued on Mr. Dixon-Hartland's measure for regulating those generally recklessly-managed institutions, in which it is almost a miracle there is not a panic with loss of life any night of the week—the theatres of town. As Mr. Labouchere wisely remarked, it is to be hoped the London Municipality Bill will deal with a strong hand with these establishments.

The Institute of Agriculture completed the work of its first session at South Kensington on Monday. The Earl of Aberdeen, chairman of the council, presided, and distributed certificates of merit to 103 students.

The annual session of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England was held last week in Regent's-square Church, Gray's-inn-road. The Rev. Dr. McCaw, of Manchester, the retiring Moderator, expressed his belief that their Church in England was never in so good a position as now. Their income during the past had exceeded that of the preceding year by £30,000. The Rev. Dr. Edmond, of Highbury, the new Moderator, reviewed the progress of Presbyterianism during his ministry, extending over a period of forty years, and remarked that there was no more important subject for consideration than the whole matter of home evangelisation in its various branches of gospel preaching, church extension, meaning thereby the planting in the land of new centres of saving influence, Sabbath school work, temperance reform, and sympathy and co-operation with special agencies. The Synod will meet at Liverpool next year.

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FRANCIS HOLL, A.R.A.



T. BROCK, A.R.A.

NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

NEW ASSOCIATES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

We subjoin a few biographical notes on the artists who have been most recently elected into the ranks of the Royal Academy. We need not refer to their works in the present Exhibition at Burlington House, as these have been or will be noticed in due course.

THOMAS BROCK, A.R.A.

This rising sculptor was born in March, 1847, and is a native of Worcester, where his father was in business as a decorator. Like Mr. Leader, too, the young artist studied at the Government School of Design of his native city, and at the age of thirteen won the first of several medals that he gained there. During some years of his youth he was engaged in modelling at the Worcester Porcelain Works. Desiring to study art in its higher branches, he came to London in 1866, and for two years was a pupil of the late Mr. Foley, afterwards remaining with that distinguished sculptor as an assistant. Meanwhile, in 1867, he entered the Royal Academy Schools as a student, obtained two silver medals the following year, and in 1869 a silver medal for modelling from the life, and the gold medal and scholarship for historical composition. Becoming principal assistant to Mr. Foley in 1871, he continued in that capacity until the master's death in 1874; and Mr. Brock has completed the numerous and important works left unfinished by Mr. Foley—the most considerable being the O'Connell Monument in Dublin. Mr. Brock's own principal ideal works—in the order of their exhibition at the Royal Academy—have been a figure of "Salmacis," a group in bronze, "Hercules strangling Antæus" (the gold-medal composition), a group in marble of Kingsley's "Hereward the Wake," marble statuettes of "Paris," and "Cenone" from Tennyson, and an equestrian group in bronze of heroic dimensions, "A Moment of Peril," which was purchased by the Academy from the Chantrey Bequest. Besides many busts, Mr. Brock has executed the following portrait statues:—Richard Baxter, and Sir Rowland Hill, marble statues erected at Kidderminster; Robert Raikes, placed on the Thames Embankment; and equestrian statues of the Maharajahs, Sir Jung Bahadur and Sir Runoodeep Singh, erected at Katmandu, the capital of Nepal. At present the sculptor is engaged upon a colossal marble statue of Sir Richard Temple for Bombay; and he is commissioned to execute the memorial bust of Longfellow for Westminster Abbey.

EDWARD J. GREGORY, A.R.A.

This rarely gifted painter of figure-subjects and portraits was born at Southampton, in 1850. He was educated in a middle-class school, under Mr. David Cruickshanks, who did much to encourage his artistic proclivities. In 1866 he was placed in the engineers' drawing office of the Peninsular and Oriental Company (of which company his father was chief engineer), where he remained till 1869. During this time, however, he attended the Southampton School of Art; and there he became acquainted with Mr. Hubert Herkomer, and took part in forming a class for studying the life, which was chiefly under Mr. Herkomer's direction. In 1869 Mr. Gregory came to London and executed for the Department at South Kensington some rather mechanical decorative work upon which Mr. Herkomer had been previously engaged. Mr. Gregory first exhibited a water-colour drawing at the Dudley Gallery. When the *Graphic* was started he was engaged to supply drawings for the wood-engravers, and continued this employment till four or five years ago. In 1873 he was elected into the Institute of Painters in Water Colours, and exhibited there several drawings remarkable for originality of conception and exquisite qualities of colour, among which we may recall, "Norwegian Pirates," "Pet of the Crew," "Sir Galahad," "St. George," "Last Touches," &c. His first important oil-picture, "Dawn," appeared at a gallery in Bond-street formerly conducted by Mr. Deschamps, and represented with extraordinary truth and force of colour the blue light of early morning breaking through the blinds of a ball-room window, beneath which a gentleman and lady lingered in converse. The works subsequently exhibited (mostly at the Grosvenor Gallery) have been almost exclusively portraits, among which we may name "The Chairman of Lloyd's Register," W. T. Eley, Esq., and Miss Galloway—all three works of rare artistic merit and high promise.

FRANCIS HOLL, A.R.A.

This able engraver in the mixed style is the fourth son of William Holl, the engraver (from whom he received his entire training), and was born in March, 1815. His son, Mr. Frank Holl, the portrait painter, was his senior Associate by a few years, and is now a full member of the Academy. Among the largest and best-known plates engraved by Mr. Francis Holl are "Coming of Age" and "The Railway Station," after W. P. Frith, R.A.; "The Stocking Loom," after the late A. Elmore; and "The Spinning Wheel," after the late F. W. Topham. He has also engraved many crayon portraits after G. Richmond, R.A., and for many years has received commissions from the Queen to execute private plates of her Majesty and the members of the Royal family. With one exception, these plates have never been issued to the public. The exception was that of a small plate of the Prince Consort, which was executed by Mr. Holl the year of the Prince's lamented death. This plate the Queen permitted the engraver to publish for his own personal benefit. For several years Mr. Holl took leading parts in the theatrical performances at the St. James's Theatre in aid of the Artists' Benevolent Fund. Among the characters he personated were General Tarragon, Dr. Olapod, and Dr. Pangloss.

BENJAMIN WILLIAMS LEADER, A.R.A.

The surname of this well-known landscape painter is Williams, but he transposed his second and third names at a time when there were many landscape painters of the same surname, in order to avoid confusion—as did other of his namesakes; to wit, the painters known as Sydney Percy, A. Gilbert, Boddington, &c. Mr. Leader is the son of the late Mr. E. Leader Williams, O.E., and was born at Worcester, in March, 1831. His father intended that he should follow his own profession, and young Leader studied engineering for some time; but the love of art—already conceived and stimulated by his father's habit of painting in his leisure hours—proved unconquerable. At the Worcester Government School of Design he carried off prize after prize; and in 1854 he became a student of the Royal Academy. In the same year he exhibited his first picture, "Cottage Children Blowing Bubbles." Thenceforward he was a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy and elsewhere; some of his best works having appeared at the Winter Exhibitions at the French Gallery, Pall-mall. Several of his early landscapes were purchased from the exhibitions by brother artists—no mean testimony to their merits. His subjects are usually of an unpretending character, many of them having been drawn from the neighbourhood of his native Worcester, where he has for many years resided. But he has successively treated with equal success Scotch mountain scenery, the favourite haunts of the painters in North Wales, and the upper reaches of the Thames; the Devonshire moors and coombes, and the grandest views of the Alps. He has always been

an indefatigable worker. For twenty years and more his popularity has been great; indeed, he has perhaps catered too freely for the average taste of his admirers, but every now and then he has asserted himself in some work of uncommon impressiveness, sentiment, or vigour. Unlike the case of many other artists, popularity has but stimulated him to fresh exertions. The great merit of his most recent works will be fresh in the memory of our readers—viz., "A View of the Wetterhorn," "A Gleam in the Storm" (1881), "February Fill-Dyke" (1882)—which the Academy wished to purchase under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest, but it had been previously sold—and "In the Evening it shall be Light" of last year.

ROBERT WILLIAM MACBETH, A.R.A.

This painter of figures, often in combination with landscape, was born at Glasgow, in 1818, and is the second son of Norman Macbeth, the portrait painter of the Scottish Academy. He began his study of art in Edinburgh, we believe, and has always retained the technique characteristic of the recent Scotch school. But he came to London in 1870, and obtained admission as a student of the Royal Academy the same year. Shortly after he was elected into the Society of Painters in Water Colours, but seceded from that body in 1879. He has now joined the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. He first exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1872—a picture entitled "Phyllis on the New-mown Hay," and has been an exhibitor ever since. In 1876 he attracted much attention with the powerful work, "A Lincolnshire Gang"—a number of children of tender years at work in the fields under a gang-master. "Potato Harvest in the Fens" (1877), and "Sedge-cutting in Wicken Fen" (1878) were also very vigorous and pathetic. But still more striking was his "Flood in the Fens," exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1880. Three small pictures at Burlington House last year joined to spirit and brilliancy greater thoroughness and fine qualities of colour. He is an excellent etcher, and has translated many of his own works and those of his contemporaries on copper. His last, and perhaps best, effort in etching is a large plate, lately published, after George Mason's "Harvest Moon."

ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

We last week offered some general remarks on the characteristics and tendencies of English art as exemplified in this exhibition, and we named (for our space permitted nothing more) some of the principal pictures. We now proceed to submit more detailed criticism.

The display at Burlington House does not improve upon acquaintance; but the portraiture is, perhaps, the least unsatisfactory department. The most life-like and complete work of this class is Mr. Millais's half-length of his brother Academician, Mr. Hook (29), standing in the thick frieze coat in which he braves the gales of the Atlantic, his palette in his pendent left hand, and holding us, like the "Ancient Mariner," with his glittering grey eyes. Nothing can be truer in character, nothing more thorough in modelling; subtle traits of expression, too, are seized in a way in which Mr. Millais has no rival. Specially to be observed, also, is the sense of colour that pervades the shadows: they are not black or bituminous, as are apt to be those of Messrs. Holl and Herkomer, but full of living colour. The artist is, however, now, as often, unequal—making due allowance for less favourable models. The half-length of Lord Salisbury (27), thoughtful and effective as it is, cannot be placed on the level of the last. And we are inclined to ask, was ever man so wise as his Lordship is made to look? A handsome young lady—no secret to say the artist's daughter—holding a "Forget-me-not" (323), which gives the title, is charmingly frank in treatment; but the carnations, particularly of the cheeks, are slightly harsh; and even in the delightful picture of a little lady in a Watteau dress, with the air of "Une Grande Dame" (37), the flesh tints are a trifle hard. "The Grey Lady" (51)—a female figure, apparition or somnambulist, groping her way towards the moonlit stairs of a turret—though beautiful and subtle in tone, will hardly bear comparison with the marvellous and poetical moonlight of the well-remembered "Eve of St. Agnes." Still, this spectral figure is alone sufficient to refute those who would have us believe that because the artist paints with a realistic power hardly equalled he is incapable of imaginative work. We should like to see him exercise his poetic faculty oftener; not, however, to the entire neglect of portraiture; for the portraits of great artists have always proved to be among their most precious legacies. In all Mr. Millais does there is the strong "personality" of genius: the artist has worked out his own method—from what a far different starting point of minute, stark realism! And the results are peculiar to himself—which can be said of how few? Mr. Oulless seems to have formed himself somewhat on Mr. Millais, and for this reason perhaps, or some other, his portraits lack spontaneity, and are rather stony of aspect. Such searching truth of realisation, however, as distinguishes the heads of the Bishop of Llandaff (280) and Mr. Bromley Davenport (674) is not to be lightly esteemed or sacrificed. With more practised facility, life and movement will come.

Mr. Holl's portrait treatment owes more to scholastic tradition, and its conventional breadth, especially in the draperies and the accessories, recalls Raeburn, the Scotch portraitist, and some English masters. Doubtless also Mr. Holl's training under his father, the engraver, accounts for the prevalence of black and white in his works. The utmost is done to produce a striking effect, colour being of secondary consideration; but the effect is due to the easy expedient of opposing masses of intense shadow and bright light; and the result as painting, and for artistic value, cannot be compared with that obtained with colour by the Venetians, for instance. Still Mr. Holl's grasp of character is so firm, and his work is so masterly in its way, that he fully deserves his popularity. His best portraits this year are a full-length of the Duke of Cambridge, in his uniform as Field Marshal (250), Lord Wolseley in the dress of Tel-el-Kebir (240), and John Bright (278), the head of the last being, for insight into character and delicacy in the rendering of detail, superior to any previous work by the painter. Somewhat similar remarks apply to Mr. Herkomer's portraits; bitumen, however, takes the place of black, and sometimes finds its way into the flesh. All seem to be colossal in scale; and generally a straining for force of effect is apparent. Unquestionable power is displayed, but of a kind that the French would call *brutale*. The best of Mr. Herkomer's portraits, to our mind, is the half-length of Mr. Bernard Samuelson (759). Mr. Watts's aims are different, and higher. He conceives a portrait first as to its ideal capabilities; secondly as to colour. But we regret to find him represented at Burlington House only by a work so little worthy as "Katie" (286), a little girl seated in a brownish orange dress, with a red curtain for background. To judge of his capabilities in portraiture we must refer to the "study" of the Hon. Mary Baring, at the Grosvenor Gallery, reviewed last week. Mr. Long and Mr. E. J. Gregory eschew strong oppositions of light and shade. But Mr. Long is rarely very happy in portraiture; and both the head of Mr. Samuel Cousins the engraver (470) and the full-length of Lady Burdett-Coutts (667), despite the quietly careful and searching work in the head of the latter, must be pronounced com-

paratively weak. Mr. Long is more at home in his fancy Oriental female semi-nude half-lengths of the daughters of Saul—"Merab" (91) the haughty and unsympathetic; and "Michal" (97), the gentle and loving; which, though conventional, are larger in style, and show much good flesh painting. The painter owes his reputation, however, rather to his great intelligence and skill in conceiving and treating a story than to extraordinary technical powers, Mr. Gregory, too, has paid insufficient attention to effect in the seated half-length of Mr. A. Seymour (788), in which the warm greys throughout are too equal in value, though this is evidently due in part to the pigments having "sunk in." Surely, however, this portrait should have been on "the line," where we doubt not its refined characterisation and its colouring, none the less artistic because subdued, would have been appreciated. Mr. Frith's portrait of Mrs. William Lee, of Downside (248), in a tea-gown, is pleasing; but the technique is behind the standard of to-day.

It will be instructive to turn for a moment to two portraits by the eminent French artists, Fantin and Carolus Duran. In No. 156, M. Fantin presents us a lady artist seated before an easel, which supports an untouched canvas, primed a cool grey; the background is of a rather deeper grey, from which the head, in shadow, is relieved dark against light. Thus the principle of effect is the reverse of all we have seen; and although the principle is not for that reason, nor for any special value of its own, to be commended, its adoption proves at least that violent efforts for effect are not necessary. Let it, however, be admitted that (especially with our eyes demoralised by looking at so many staring faces) the head seems a little *terne* or *morne*. Yet how beautiful and complete is the modelling, although in such low tones; how simple and broad is the entire treatment, how welcomingly reposeful is it to look upon! And allowing that it, too, is mannered in its way; yet, is it not a lesson to most of our artists? M. Duran's full-length of the Countess of Dalhousie (308) is hung very high in an angle of the Great Room, with uncongenial surroundings—conditions utterly different from what it would have been seen under at the Paris Salon. It seems too demonstrative in the walking action, and the deep amber dress, the crimson curtains, and large bouquet, are not in the best taste. Only the refined modelling of the head seems to be worthy of the painter. But M. Duran is not the artist to appreciate the *retenue* of an English lady. Other portraits of merit we must reserve for future notice, and now invite attention to some of the more prominent figure-pictures.

Mr. Alma Tadema—so radically different from Mr. Millais; so learned, inventive, and highly trained—is well though sparingly represented. We assume that his picture from the diploma collection, "The Way to the Temple" (296), is already known to our readers. Although a far more adequate example than these gift-pictures usually are, it is surpassed by "An Oleander" (343)—so named from the flowering plant or shrub, which, in an ornamental iron tub, occupies the centre of the composition. The Oleander was an exotic to the Romans, but just such plants as this may be seen growing wild outside Pompeii, and in other parts of Italy. In the picture a Roman girl, seated on a dwarf wall that incloses the tank or basin of an *impluvium* is smelling at a bloom of the plant. Through the vista of a corridor, passing a shadowy *cubiculum*, we have a glimpse of blue sunlit sea, with figures about to take a boat. The almost illusive rendering of the variegated marble and mosaic pavement; the painted walls with their encaustic richness (not as we now see the desiccated colouring at Rome or Pompeii); of the flowering plant and, above all, of the water in the basin, with the opalescent shells at bottom (the original of which, by-the-way, is at the top of the staircase of Mr. Millais's house), is astonishing, even from Mr. Tadema.

At the head of the Great Room is a large decorative work by Mr. Calderon, "Joyous Summer," one of a series he is painting for Mr. James Aird. Groups of draped female figures enjoy the *dolce far niente* in the half tint of a shadowy dell, and some prepare for a bathe in the foreground stream; but we do not clearly realise the "joyousness" of the title. The figures are very pretty, and gracefully disposed; the colouring is clean and smart, though some of the draperies are slightly crude; and it would not, perhaps, be fair to complain of superficiality and conventionality, knowing the simply decorative function the picture has to perform. Decorative art was, however, understood as something very different from this by Veronese and Titian, Tintoretto and Rubens. The artist sends besides a pathetic picture of an aged rustic (194) placing flowers on his wife's grave, as the last rays of the setting sun tinge the tree-tops. Sir Frederick Leighton also contributes a decorative design—to be painted, we understand, as a frieze in a ball-room of Mr. Stewart Hodgson's house. The motive is "The Dance" (158), according to the catalogue; but only preparations for dancing, or an invitation to dance, seem to be indicated. A more dramatic treatment might, however, be dangerous in a simply decorative work; and the artistic colours of the draperies of the figures may be accepted as sufficient for the occasion. "The Kittens" (330), the next most important picture by the President, we have engraved and described in another column. A "Vestal" (320) and "Memories" (332) are classic female busts, with appropriate draperies, in Sir Frederick's best manner.

Mr. Orchardson's "Voltaire" (271) is rather more solid and richer in colour than is usual with the painter (indeed, it is a little "foxy," though some of the old citron tint lurks about the gilt chairs); and near the focus of interest it is more complete in painting, though away from that focus but a sketch. The incident depicted—a telling one, and realised with great dramatic spirit—is drawn from Carlyle's "Frederick." Voltaire, having been called away from the table of the Duc de Sully, by the ruse of the Duc de Rohan, and received the castigation inflicted by the bullies of his enemy, has (in the picture) rushed back into the stately dining-room, and, livid with shame and rage, demands of his host if such atrocity, done to one of his guests, is not an insult to himself. But his Grace merely leans back in his chair with shrugged shoulders, raised eyebrows, and helpless gesture of the outspread hands, as though saying, "I cannot interfere; you are but a poet, not one of us." His convives share his apathy; only one or two of the more impressionable of the *jeunesse dorée* manifesting the slightest sympathy. This incident, together with his subsequent second imprisonment in the Bastille for challenging the Duc de Rohan, converted Voltaire from a Court poet to the Voltaire we know, and whom millions have known who have never heard of the names of his cowardly host and assailant.

Mr. Fildes's "Village Wedding" (515) is another prominent picture. The happy, simple couple, in the smartest new clothes, though innocent of the *mode*, trudge arm in arm along the road. The bride, with downcast eyes, carries a huge nosegay, and her healthy cheeks blush a deeper red. Behind come the bride's mother and sister, taking each an arm of a towering life-guardsmen; the girl clings proudly to her "young man," but shrinks from an ill-aimed slipper thrown by a friend. Other relations and friends follow; and all the village gossips and children are at their doors or in the street, watching or commenting on the procession. The picture is entirely free from mock sentiment; it has both pathos and

humour. The colouring is good, if we admit the great whiteness of the light, even for outdoor effect in spring-time, but which time will tone down. The subject, however, barely justifies so large a canvas, especially as the execution is rather slight. Nevertheless, recalling the extreme contrast of "The Casuals," the work bears signal testimony to the artist's versatile capacity.

This exhibition will be remembered for having disclosed an extraordinary advance made by several "outsiders"—notably Messrs. Logsdail, J. W. Waterhouse, W. Wyllie, P. Sidney Holland, Knighton Warren, and others. Mr. Waterhouse's picture, "The Favourites of the Emperor Honorius" (462) we have engraved and described elsewhere. Than Mr. Logsdail's "The Piazza" (477)—i.e., of St. Mark's, Venice—there is nothing stronger in the way of direct realistic painting in the entire exhibition, and it would be interesting to trace the career of its author. Mr. Logsdail is a young Lincoln artist, who a few years back went to study under Professor Verlat in the Antwerp Academy (a school we have often recommended), and there learnt the secrets of solid impasto, rich colour, and entire fidelity to the model. His pictures sent three years ago to the Academy from Antwerp (one of which was bought by the Queen) attracted much attention at the time. He then went to Venice, and came under the influence of the young master, Van Haanen, who had also been a pupil of Verlat, and whose "Pearl Stringers" and other works have had such a brilliant success at Burlington House. By-the-way, Verlat's famous series of pictures painted in the Holy Land are about to be exhibited at the old gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours in Pall-mall. Van Haanen has but two minor works this year in Piccadilly, but his influence is apparent on other contributors besides Logsdail. The very able little picture, "Flirtation" (208), by De Blaas, is closely imitative of him; and much of the charm of our Mr. Woods' Venetian subject, No. 179, may doubtless be referred to the same source. Returning to Mr. Logsdail's picture, the view is from the north side of the piazza (opposite the fashionable Caffè on the south), looking towards the basilica—the variegated marbles, mosaics, gilding, and semi-Oriental details of which form a superb background. In front ladies (one of them a true Venetian bionda) and men, including a knot of artists, sip their coffee or snowed drinks, and the whole area is alive with afternoon promenaders, for it is doubtless a *festa*. They are raffish-looking, many of them; the squalor of the poorer Venetians is not concealed, and in the centre are two mahogany Orientals suggesting Venice's long connection with the East. The whole scene is realised with a robust force and uncompromising vivacity that is only too distracting in its equal vividness in every part.

Van Haanen's two contributions above mentioned are a profile study of "A Gipsy Girl" (190), fine in expression and in its dusky colouring; and a small picture, in which his rare power as a colourist is better seen—"A Mask Shop in Venice" (224), a dim interior lighted only by reflection from the glint of sun at the hutch-door, over which two children peep curiously towards the row of dirty carnival costumes hanging along the wall. An ill-favoured old woman sits in the middle of the shop, with, in her lap, one of the heating vessels used for warming the hands in Italy in winter, and a good-looking girl stands behind her. These, with an empty chair in front, are the common-place elements, which, brought into a harmony of the deepest and richest, are so truly depicted that we seem to forget the painter in the reality. The picture, also mentioned above, by De Blaas—an artist, like the last, of Dutch extraction, though hailing from Vienna—was clearly suggested by a work by Van Haanen exhibited here last year. A Venetian girl of voluptuous form stands on house steps descending to a canal, in which she is about to do the family washing, and listens, with a broad smile, to the ardent wooing of a handsome young gondolier. The girl's arms and hands, feet and ankles, are beautifully modelled; and the colouring has much of the inner glow of Van Haanen, but the execution is more conscious. To complete our notice of the works by the group of artists painting at Venice, to whom the exhibition owes so much, we must include Mr. Henry Woods' "Preparations for the First Communion" (179)—a notable advance. It is a street scene at Venice in the fisherman's quarter, as we infer from nets hanging in front of the house, and other indications. Characteristic crones and younger females, old men, and the inevitable priest, are gathered, with great content and much pleasantries, about a little ragged *ragazza*, upon whom an elder sister is trying on the white veil for the approaching church ceremony. Behind, young women—charming figures—are making other portions of the child's dress. This is in a greyer key than the two preceding pictures, but not on that account less admirable; and Mr. Woods amply justifies his election two years back as an Associate.

Three or four pictures, by other artists whom we have mentioned as having made a decided advance this year, remain to be noticed. P. Sidney Holland's illustration of Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic"—"The Trial of a Noble Family before the Blood Council, Antwerp, 1567" (723), is, if not a happy composition, a strongly and well-painted work of high promise. The family of three generations on their trial, the long row of the judges behind the council-table, are all figures and types chosen with intelligence and full of character. Knighton Warren's large work, "A Hymn to Osiris" (576)—an ancient Egyptian subject, showing priestesses playing on the primitive types of the harp, tibia, and guitar, is well studied as to archaeology, though deficient in human interest; and, although the painting is respectable, it is imitative of Mr. Long's weakness rather than his strength. W. L. Wyllie has surpassed himself in the last of his series of representations of the Thames "pool," which he descriptively entitles "Toil, Glitter, Grime, and Wealth on a Flowing Tide" (1493). The title is borne out in the "toil" of the bargemen shaping their course amidst the forest of shipping; the "glitter" is that of the reflection of a meridian sun, which turns the broad bosom of the river into a weltering mass of molten silver; the "grime" from the smoke of steamers and tugs fouls the sky; the suggestions of "wealth" are everywhere; and to see that it is the "flow" of the "tide" needs but a glance from an observant eye. The artist's own closeness of observation, to which we did homage the other day in reviewing his "Bombardment of Alexandria," is again conspicuous. The Academicians have done wisely in purchasing this picture from the Chantrey Bequest. Another work bought from the same fund is "The Joyless Winter Day" (784), by Joseph Farquharson—a Scotch shepherd, his two collies, and flock of sheep in a pitiless snowstorm, by which they are all brought to a standstill, and to which they all turn tail, the sheep holding, according to their wont, their noses low down to the snow, which is already several inches deep. There is close observation here, too, the gradations of white and grey of the snow being in particular rendered with nice discrimination. The Academicians have evinced a liberal spirit, and are acting in the spirit of the noble bequest they administer, in thus buying this year works by rising, but hitherto untitled artists, instead of their own. We shall return to the exhibition next week.

FINE-ART ILLUSTRATIONS.

Our page of engraved Sketches of Pictures in the Royal Academy Exhibition contains those works of different artists which are noticed here in succession; but it will be observed that the Illustrations are merely intended to show the rough outline of each picture, and by no means to reproduce the artistic effects or style.

"KITTEES."

This is Sir Frederick Leighton's principal picture of the year at Burlington House, after the design for a decorative composition to be painted as a frieze, which we notice in another column. Here, as in other recent works by the President, we have something suggestive, not of the classic and ideal, but of the domestic and homely in sentiment—so far as abstract treatment and Oriental costume and accessories will permit. A little lady of any or no country, fairest of the fair and altogether lovely, with hair that is neither flaxen nor golden, but the palest hazel, growing up into auburn, lolls on a couch, half-sunk in a pillow, and languidly inclines her head towards a kitten that, like herself—as it is a type of herself (justifying the plural number of the title)—looks inquiringly up in her face. The girl's feet—pretty feet, modelled with a caressing pencil—not reaching the ground, are seen pensile and effortless. But it is the colour that seduces the attention: the subject is naught, and was probably not meant to be otherwise in this case; nay, whatever the painter's intention, his colouring is always the element that rules our perception. Here the pinkish-purple robe finds a warmer harmony in the orange-vermilion pillow, and a delicate complementary in the gold-embroidered under-garments; and no less in the flesh, sweet as honey-tinted wax, and in the warmer hue of the hair. The hair, in turn, harmonises with the pale gold of a panel behind it, but from which it is relieved by the sparkling impasto of the gold—the rich loading of the pigment being, however, a dangerous experiment, and a little discordant as texture against the smooth flesh. The gold, however, finds its appropriate foil in the greyish-neutral black of its framing; and is "carried off" in the echo of the citrons on the floor. Realists will assert that there is no trace of particular nature in this picture, and certainly the artist did not intend there should be. Idealists may contend that it does not give generic nature as understood by the Greeks as to form or the Venetians as to colour. But those who care not for one or the other, but only for decorative charm—who do not require that a picture should have moral intent, evoke thought, or challenge memory, but are content if it provides visual pleasure—will be highly gratified with the painter's graceful, elegant motive, his luxurious colouring, his smooth and polished tones, and the evidences of peculiar accomplishment throughout.

"NATURE'S MIRROR."

This is, we think, the most pleasing of Mr. MacWhirter's pictures at the Royal Academy. It has not all the brilliancy of the view of "Corrie, in the Isle of Arran" (157), nor the force and depth of "Sunset Fires" (164), nor the wealth of golden colour of "A Highland Harvest" (1501), but it has an elegance of composition of its own, as may be seen in our little engraving. A group of silver birches is a charming element of the picture. It will be remembered that it was the painting of the lithe and graceful forms of a silver birch, under the appropriate title of "The Lady of the Woods," that helped materially to establish the artist's reputation. Mr. MacWhirter shows also that he is an adept in the painting of water, and the Naiad, the female Narcissus, regarding herself in "Nature's Mirror," is a pretty fancy. If one is not always in the mood to enjoy the more rough and ready of the painter's works, it must be confessed that this one is unusually careful, and distinguished by unusual amenity.

"TOO LATE."

Mr. Frank Dicksee—still one of the youngest, if not the youngest of the Academy Associates—has usually had an ethical purpose in his work, when not simple portraiture, except in his last year's picture of lovers whispering in the chequered moonlight. In the large picture now engraved, and which forms a feature in the Great Room of the Academy, the theme is religious, and the illumination is again not that of the sun, but partial and artificial light from lamps. The subject is an illustration of the parable of the ten virgins, or rather the episode of the rejection of the five foolish ones, after their too-tardy return to the door of the marriage feast chamber. In the Gospel of St. Matthew they find the door shut, but the artist assumes, scarcely with appreciable pictorial license, that it is partly opened for a moment to give them their dismissal—"Verily I say unto you, I know you not." Thus it happens the lamplight from the feast within falls fully upon the figure of a virgin who has sunk swooning to her knees in front; and partially on the two foremost of the other virgins as they retire in despair into the almost "outer darkness" of the midnight, for there is but the thinnest waning moon, and a few stars in the sky. The expressions are appropriately pathetic, and the peculiar and difficult lighting is rendered with great skill. The very beauty of the effect, however, and of the olive and salmon tinted draperies (which somehow recall the President's decorative manner) seem to—we do not say they do, but they seem to us to—draw the attention from the solemnity of the lesson conveyed in the sequel of the parable. Mr. Dicksee does not refer to the New Testament, but quotes in connection with his title the opening line—"Too late, too late! ye cannot enter now"—of the noble paraphrase and commentary in the "Guinevere" of Tennyson's "Idylls."

"FAVOURITES OF THE EMPEROR HONORIUS."

We have already spoken of this picture by Mr. J. W. Waterhouse as one of the greatest surprises at Burlington House this year. We had noticed smaller pictures of classical life by this artist with warm commendation of their effectiveness and colouring, but we were not nor will the public have been prepared for the important work in Room V. of the Academy Exhibition. Those who have visited Ravenna will appreciate the propriety of the architectural details and accessories of this picture. The costumes of the Emperor and of the priests (mostly, if not all) who wait for an audience, resemble closely those of the Byzantine mosaics of the Ravenna churches. Still more Oriental, and appropriately so, is the form and pattern of the inlays of the ivory throne on which the Emperor sits. The cross and the head of Christ have superseded the old Roman insignia on the banner of the licitor in attendance, though so little of the Christian spirit reigns at Court or elsewhere. The "favourites" of this degenerate boy Caesar are, as we see, doves, pigeons, and guinea-hens, whom he is solicitously feeding with grain from the golden salver on his lap. The feeding his poultry became, according to Gibbon, "the serious and daily care of the Monarch of the West." Honorius, it will be remembered, was a son of Theodosius, who (A.D. 395) divided the Roman Empire between his two sons, giving the Eastern Empire to Arcadius, and the Western to Honorius. The priests who bow so servilely may possibly be regarded as the second favourites; but as such only they have to wait his Majesty's pleasure. There is an obvious irony in showing this choice of doves and, perhaps, priests as favourites

when we recall the murder by Honorius of the only General that remained to the falling Empire to resist the victorious northern hordes. It seems to us that the artist has subtly indicated potentialities of cruelty and evil in the large-nosed and sullen face of the listless youthful Emperor, despite his so-innocent though ignoble present employment. Technically, the picture is remarkable in several respects; the heads are full of character, the draughtsmanship and colouring are good, the effect of diffused interior light is well rendered, the execution is solid.

Mr. Waterhouse commenced his art education in the Royal Academy Schools, which he entered as a sculptor, but soon relinquished the modelling tools for the brush. He then went to Italy, and studied in Rome. We understand that he has in hand a picture showing a group of ancient Jewesses consulting the Teraphim, or Jewish oracle, which is destined for next year's Academy exhibition.

"PARTING DAY."

This is Mr. Leader's principal landscape at the Academy, to the title of which he appends, in the catalogue, the lines—

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
And, by the bright track of his fiery car,
Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

If not one of his most powerful or original, it is certainly one of his most pleasing works. The scene is, no doubt, near the artist's residence (Whittington), not far from his native Worcester, and how homely and English are all the elements—the old-fashioned church, and taller trees above the churchyard, the old cottages, the barns and ricks, straggling along the village road—forming so picturesque a "sky-line" against the pale gold of the sunset—all these, with the echoes in a minor key, so to speak, in the placid stream—how can they fail to charm? They cannot; and the picture may well be left to convey its own impression of golden beauty, hushed repose, and celestial promise.

"SUSPECTED OF WITCHCRAFT."

In this picture, at the Academy, as in his Dutch subjects, Mr. Boughton is, as we have already hinted, perhaps more at home than in the work we have engraved from the Grosvenor, "The Sacred Mistletoe." It is not the first time by many that the artist has painted rustic maidens and heroines of the English Puritan, or rather New England type, who were witches by virtue of the fascination they exercised over us. But this time it is suggested that witchery of a more malefic sort has been, in the ignorant popular mind of the period, suspected of this sweet sad figure, in grey conical hat and sober black and white garments, seeking in unfrequented spots for the "simples" that were thought to possess such beneficent or baneful influences in olden time. Her air is innocence itself, and she is probably gathering medicinal herbs for a sick mother, or possibly a love potion. But if we can project ourselves in imagination into the seventeenth century, we may understand that her garb, her pensive look, an occupation that leads her to lonely haunts, and, above all, her carrying a black kitten, might evoke a suspicion that she is preparing spells by the aid of a diabolical "familiar," in the shape of her little favourite.

"BEYOND."

This picture at the Academy exemplifies Mr. Schmalz's romantic and sentimental tendencies. In whatever is romantic there is some indefiniteness; and here we have a suggestion of illimitable indefiniteness. We see this handsome young dame seated musing, solitary, sad, and earnest: it is growing towards the chill autumn, for the flowers are seeding; the gloom of evening approaches, for the sun has set. Yet she turns from the lingering light, and fixes her wide-open eyes on the darkening East. And so wistful are those eyes that her thoughts are clearly far away—beyond, as the title intimates, all this present scene; beyond the fleeting day—perchance in what impending night of dark doubt!—beyond the waning year—in what winter of heart-breaking separation!—beyond, it may be, the cruel sea—over which she is possibly gazing literally or metaphorically; or are her thoughts attempting to explore a dim infinite "beyond" that shall never be made clear till a sun shall rise that will set never more.

"SATURDAY NIGHT."

The full title of this picture by Mrs. Jopling, in the Academy catalogue, is "Saturday Night: Searching for the Bread-Winner;" to which the line is added as a quotation—but whence derived we do not recollect—

Pay night, Drink night, Crime night.

The sad moral of the picture scarcely required elucidation, though it is more directly indicated by the title and motto. A poor wife, with her babe at her breast and her little girl by her side, is seeking for the drunken husband and father at one of his public-house haunts, where he may be spending the whole of the week's earnings, to leave her to starve or beg through the following week. The woman is yawning; her little girl has trotted her stockings down over her boots, and warms one of her nipped hands under her pinafore. Both have been searching long, for it is growing late—or, stay, have they not been out all night? for is not that the grey dawn of Sunday morning, against which the street lamp burns so red and dim? It is a pitiful story, and, alas, how common! Can we wonder that a refuge is sometimes sought from such misery—from the fevered thirst of despair or drink—in that tempting river looking at this hour cold and untroubled as death?

"A NEW ARRIVAL."

"Happy is the nation that has no history," it has been said, and "happy is the picture," it may also be said, "that has, or requires, no description." What observations are needed, for instance, on the simple subject so very agreeably treated in this picture, which we have selected from the Grosvenor Gallery Exhibition? We all know the merit of the artist, Mr. Heywood Hardy—his very competent painting, and the graceful feeling that he bestows upon and infuses into all his works—generally incidents drawn, as this is, from middle-class country life, occasionally rendered more piquant by the quaint costumes of the last century, often appealing, as now, to the characteristic English love of domestic animals. We have the honour of the acquaintance of a lady (not far from us as we write) whose ambition—though she has resources of literary, musical, and artistic society—is to keep a cow. For the lady with her family in the picture, that ambition is gratified, and its continued gratification is promised in "The New Arrival." This is, of course, assuming that the interesting infantine stranger will pass safely through its adolescence to cowhood, that no danger threatens its young and tender existence; that, in short, its mistress is not fond of veal.

Sir Coutts Lindsay, president for the year of the Sunday Society, gave his address at the annual meeting of the society last Saturday at the Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. He maintained that the Lord's Day was meant to be one of innocent recreation as well as of devotion. The Earl of Dunraven, the Rev. Septimus Hansard, Mr. Lyulph Stanley, M.P., Mr. Albert Grey, M.P., and others were among the speakers.



A NEW ARRIVAL.

FROM THE PICTURE BY HENWOOD HARDY IN THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

THE MAGAZINES.

"By the Gate of the Sea" and "No New Thing," in the *Cornhill*, are both particularly interesting and amusing this month; and the former shows high literary quality. The most remarkable of several good papers on miscellaneous subjects is Vernon Lee's study of "The Portrait Art of the Renaissance"—a remarkably eloquent and animated essay, dwelling on the precocious development of sculpture in the Renaissance period as compared with painting, and pointing out that its relation to classical sculpture is nearly that of the art of the seventeenth century to the art of Raphael. An essay on Biography, evidently suggested by some recent biographical scandals, indicates clearly and ably the different treatment required by men of thought and men of action. "A Scribbler's Apology" is an amusing discussion of some of the ethical questions suggested by the growth of minor literature.

Macmillan's bill of fare is short, but good. After the continuation of "The Wizard's Son" comes a remarkable lecture, by Professor Huxley, on "Unwritten History." Egypt is the illustration selected, and the Professor shows with his customary lucidity and power how the history of Egypt has been determined by physical conditions, and how accurately these were appreciated by Herodotus. "A Naturalist's Paradise" is a charming sketch of the little archipelago of Chausey, among the Channel Islands. Professor Bryce's memoir of the late John Richard Green deals with him principally as an historian, and conveys a lively impression of the energy, animation, and freshness of mind which he brought to historical research. "The Review of the Month," a new feature, is ably executed, but too much inspired by party feeling to be universally acceptable.

There is nothing of special mark in *Longman's Magazine*, but the contributions are in general very readable, especially the continuation of "Thicker than Water," the "American's (Mr. Burroughs') Impressions of some British Song-birds," and Mr. Dutton Cook's register of Dickens's admirably pungent criticisms on actors and acting.

"The Ladies Lindores" is concluded in *Blackwood*, for which we are not sorry; and "The Millionaire" is continued with unabated spirit, of which we are very glad. "Mr. Dexter File" seems a portrait of a potentate well known on the New York Exchange. The most remarkable of the other contributions are a fair and feeling notice of the Carlyle correspondence; and a surprising account, by an anonymous writer, but one for whose good faith the editor vouches, of the feats of a Massachusetts medium.

The topic of the day is discussed in the *Fortnightly Review* by Colonel Majendie, Chief Inspector of Explosives, whose remarks should do much to allay any tendency to a panic in the public mind. Lord Randolph Churchill discourses on Elijah's—i.e., Lord Beaconsfield's—mantle, which he appears to think would fit himself. The most important paragraph in the article is the adumbration of a possible alliance between the "Fourth" and the Parnell party. Meanwhile the Marquis Vitelleschi expounds the condition to which unprincipled faction has brought his own country, or rather had brought it; for the Italians, dissatisfied with the fruits of extended suffrage, seem inclined to retrace their steps. The Marquis strongly urges the Premier to break with the Radicals and coalesce with the Conservatives. There are no fewer than three excellent biographical papers. Mr. P. L. Gell supplements Professor Bryce's sketch of the late Mr. J. R. Green by treating of his clerical work in the east end of London. Mr. Venables, equally disgusted with Mr. Froude and most of Mr. Froude's reviewers, clears away a great deal of misconception by a frank and racy account of Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle as they were known to himself in the intimacy of private life. Mr. Glaisher acquaints us with the singularly beautiful life and character of the late Professor Henry Smith, one of the most brilliant and at the same time profound of mathematicians, but little known during his life beyond his own University.

In the *Nineteenth Century* Earl Cowper conveys the apology of a moderate Whig both for delaying measures of reform admitted to be desirable in the abstract and for co-operating with those of a different way of thinking. Mr. Samuel Smith urgently enforces the necessity of social reform; and Mr. Boulger points out the serious dangers of the Chinese war which the French are provoking "with a light heart" by their interference in Tonquin. Mr. Meason sketches the organisation of the French detective police, far more efficient than the English, it must be admitted, but whose advantages many will deem dear at the price. Mr. Matthew Arnold points out the dual authorship of the book of Isaiah, and lays down some eminently judicious rules for the guidance of the revisers of the translation. We can hardly make out whether Mr. E. Kay Robinson is serious in his prognostication of the influence of evolution in shaping the men of the future, who will, it appears, be destitute of teeth, hair, and toes.

In the *Contemporary Review* Mrs. Oliphant reviews Mrs. Carlyle's letters effectively, and lectures Mr. Froude sharply, but contributes little in the way of personal reminiscence. Mr. Haweis, treating Mr. J. R. Green from the point of view of a fellow-champion of Broad Church Liberalism, helps materially to round off the portrait traced by Professor Bryce and Mr. Gell in other periodicals. The Rev. William Palmer's memoir on the Tractarian movement of 1833 throws much light upon its history. According to Mr. Palmer, it originated with himself and Mr. H. J. Rose from the motive of defending the Church of England as a national institution; the specifically religious complexion it soon received was due to the influence of Newman, who gave the movement a direction of which Mr. Palmer never approved at any time. Mr. F. H. O'Donnell tries to extenuate Irish assassinations by representing them as prompted by vindictive feeling for the hardships undergone by Fenians sentenced to penal servitude. Unfortunately, not one of the assassins, or their suborners, except Rossa, has undergone this punishment. The article is chiefly remarkable for its scarcely veiled hostility to Mr. Parnell.

The *National Review* has several contributions of more than average merit, including a thoughtful discussion of the limits to State interference with individual rights, by the Earl of Pembroke; an article on Sir Francis Drake, by Mr. W. H. Pollock; an historical sketch of the Corporation of London, by Miss M. E. Harkness; a review of the recent progress of archaeological study, by Mr. C. T. Newton; and "The Bridge," an elegant fable in verse, by the Earl of Lytton.

The *Melbourne Review* has some good papers, notably Mrs. Webster's discussion of Professor Seeley's "Natural Religion"; but nothing specially relating to Australia except Mr. Sutherland's defence of the system of religious instruction now pursued in the Victoria common schools.

The *Century* and *Harper's Magazine* have, as usual, abundance of beautifully illustrated papers; of which the reproduction of Du Maurier's sketches and the memoir of Cardinal Manning in the former, and the descriptions of San Francisco and the Brooklyn Bridge in the latter, are, perhaps, the most remarkable.

Mr. Buchanan's "New Abelard," in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, rivets the attention without being attractive. Mr.

Karl Blind's essay on the Nibelungen is instructive; Mrs. Gordon Cumming's "May Day in the Californian Alps" picturesque; and the Carlyle Correspondence, and Mr. Bosworth Smith's Life of Lord Lawrence, are the subjects of very fair reviews. Mr. McCarthy's and Mr. Wilkie Collins's fictions continue to form the leading features of *Belgravia*, which also offers a delightful description of the French Riviera in Mr. Arbuthnot Wilson's "By Olive and Pinewood." The most interesting paper in a good number of *Temple Bar* is one on Mr. Gladstone's undergraduate days at Oxford, in continuation of the sketch of his Etonian life previously published in this periodical.

We have also to acknowledge Good Words, London Society, Cassell's Family Magazine, The Argosy, Forestry, Merry England, Atlantic Monthly, the Month, Army and Navy Magazine, Time, the Theatre (with capital photographs of Miss Eastlake and Mr. J. Forbes-Robertson), and Colburn's United Service Magazine.

THE INTERNATIONAL FISHERIES EXHIBITION.

The International Fisheries Exhibition, to be opened in state at South Kensington by the Prince of Wales to-day, is the outcome of the Continental series commencing at Arcachon in 1866, and culminating in the Berlin Exhibition of 1880. The marked success of the Fisheries Exhibition at Norwich during the succeeding year suggested the prosecution in this country of an international scheme on a scale never before attempted; and from the moment when, in July, 1881, the holding of a fisheries exhibition in London during 1883 was publicly spoken of by Mr. Birkbeck, M.P., as desirable and probable, the project was everywhere taken up. The goodwill of the City was pledged at a meeting at Fishmongers' Hall, while at Willis's Rooms, at a crowded gathering of Lords and Commons, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, resolutions were carried which fairly launched the undertaking. Funds were raised, and the assistance of foreign Governments invited. The Horticultural Gardens were secured as the best attainable site, and the buildings were designed to cover twenty-two acres of ground. The Exhibition to be opened to-day is a magnificent sequel to the energy with which the work has been prosecuted by the committee to whom it was intrusted, to the liberality with which the public responded in the matter of funds, and to the cordial co-operation of foreign Powers.

The primary object of the Exhibition is the development and improvement of the fishing industry, which in Great Britain employs about 110,000 men and boys, and 35,000 boats. The bulk of the exhibits are, accordingly, practical illustrations of the methods—from the most primitive to the most elaborate—adopted in different parts of the world in gathering in the harvest of the seas. The Courts apportioned are to the Isle of Man, Germany, Portugal, the Bahamas, Hawaii, Austria, Chili, Switzerland, France, Italy, Greece, China, India and Ceylon, the Straits Settlements, Japan, Tasmania, New South Wales, the Netherlands, Denmark, Newfoundland, Sweden, Norway, Canada, and the United States. With the exception of Germany, which is represented by private enterprise, the Governments of the above-named countries have materially assisted towards the success of the Exhibition, and one of the results is a highly valuable collection of reports, statistics, and legislation upon Fish and Fisheries. The classification adopted places "Fishing at the head of the list of grand divisions, and this covers an almost inexhaustible list of subjects. In nearly every court it has demanded a lion's share of space, referring as it does to the vessels and processes employed in deep-sea fisheries, gear, harbours, life-saving apparatus, methods of communication, and a variety of matters directly or indirectly connected with the safe and successful working of a fishing fleet. In the Freshwater Section there is the consideration of the salmon question as an important source of wealth, and a display of the numerous implements interesting to the angling fraternity, yearly growing into a large and powerful body. The economic condition of fishermen defines the range of the second class. Next comes the commercial and economic aspect, embracing all that has been done or proposed in connection with the preparation, preservation, and utilisation of fish, and closely associated with another class that deals with natural history. Fish culture is one of the newer projects to which, in this country, public attention is being directed; and respecting this the United States, Swedish, and German Courts will contribute much information. The Netherlands, Sweden, and Belgium exhibit proofs of their doings in the North Sea, and the prolific cod grounds around their own shores, and the Norwegian Court, its appliances for catching whales, walrus, seals, and bears in the Arctic Sea, introduces an element of novelty. The United States Government devoted a large sum of money to the commission appointed to represent it at South Kensington, and a ship was especially chartered to bring over the splendid cargo of exhibits. There are quantities of fish in American waters unknown to us, and respecting these much will be learned from the 175 State exhibits entered in the catalogue in the name of the commission. Our own Dominion of Canada takes the lead amongst British Colonies, and a most interesting display of curiosities will be found in the Indian Court. The Chinese section is decorated by native artists in native style, and this will undoubtedly prove, with the pagoda and bridge that are to be thrown in for effect, one of the most constant attractions of the exhibition. The courts set apart for home exhibits are in various parts of the ground. The two largest are the long arcade which stretches from the entrance across the entire width of the ground, and the central promenade in which the state ceremony of to-day takes place.

In a separate block, near the entrance, a well-appointed fish-market has been erected, with the object of having on hand during the six months of the exhibition, a daily supply of freshly caught fish. The fishermen around our coasts have been invited to dispatch with all speed the finest specimens of fish brought to land, and special pains have been taken to make this a model market, not only in its internal arrangement, but in the evidence it will afford upon that very vexed problem—a cheap supply of fish. Not less important than the wholesome marketing and honest selling of fish is its cooking. To carry the marketing idea, therefore, to its logical conclusion, a pretty little theatre has been provided, and decorated, for the daily demonstrations of skilled operators from the National School of Cookery. In this hall the public are to be taught how to cook the fish which they have seen upon the market slabs, and in the adjacent dining-rooms they will have the opportunity of concluding with the practical test of a fish dinner every day.

The courts are mostly concentrated in the centre of the grounds, but there are frequent means of passing into the gardens, where, indeed, many interesting features of the exhibition will be found. Beavers, seals, and fish-eating birds will inhabit the basins; and experiments in diving and life-saving will be conducted at stated times in the large pond at the upper end of the gardens. The Marquis of Exeter's skeleton of a whale, the second largest ever cast ashore in the British

Islands, has been set up upon one of the lawns, and has been coated with luminous paint for exhibition at night. The committee undertook, at the commencement of their operations, to interfere as little as possible with the gardens; and they have, fortunately, been loyal to their promise. One of the charms of the Fisheries Exhibition will consequently be the combination of open spaces and buildings; and the pleasant glimpses of flowers, shrubberies, and ornamental water to be had from many of the courts, together with the al fresco promenades, will make it one of the most agreeable summer lounges in London.

The Aquarium, and several sets of fish-hatching apparatus have been erected along the western boundary. From this interesting annexe entrance is given to the arcades and the Conservatory. The arcades are devoted to stuffed specimens, casts, and drawings of birds and fishes, forming a remarkably curious and successful Natural History Museum. The buildings generally are of wood, with arched glass roofs, painted in bright colours, and decorated in a variety of styles. Although they have been designed to serve a temporary purpose, it is hoped they may be in some way utilised after the Exhibition is closed. The Aquarium, however, necessarily consists of solid masonry, and as it is placed close to the collection established by the late Mr. Buckland in connection with the South Kensington Museum, there is little doubt that it will remain as the nucleus of a national department of natural history. In the present Exhibition abundant provision is made for living marine and fresh-water specimens. The seawater will be supplied regularly from Brighton. In the aquarium of that town the sea fish, which have been taken in the Channel by a specially-employed trawler, have been for some weeks accustoming themselves to imprisonment, while supplies of fresh-water fishes—contributed by Lord Walsingham, the Marquis of Exeter, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Portland, and Sir James Gibson Maitland—have been relegated to a stew in the Exhibition grounds. Oysters, lobsters, crabs, and the less active forms of marine life, such as sponges and anemones, are included in this class. A line of trays opposite the tanks will be devoted to object lessons upon the subject of oyster culture; and some of the Continental exhibitors make a speciality of this branch of fish culture, about which so much is talked and so little done in Great Britain. The invitation to pisciculturists has been responded to in a most gratifying manner, and fish-hatching will be carried on by the leading breeders of salmon and trout. Passing to the inanimate specimens, it may be stated that a finer display of stuffed British fish has never been seen under one roof. Anglers and angling clubs have entered into a keen competition for prizes, and professional naturalists have added to the variety of the display by contributions of birds and beasts, artistically mounted.

The Exhibition is be lighted by electricity. Other entertainments than the military bands will be provided from time to time; and to further the educational object, which has been kept prominently in view, lectures and conferences upon topics suggested by the Exhibition will be promoted. In the same category must be included the fifteen essays for which prizes have been offered. Six of the prizes are of £100 each. The admirable volume formed by the essays adjudicated upon at Edinburgh last year shows the wisdom of the committee's decision. The majority of the prizes are given by them; the remainder by Sir H. Peek, M.P., the Marquis of Hamilton, and Mr. Amherst, M.P.

THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING.

The Council of the National Rifle Association has issued its programme for its next Wimbledon meeting, which is to open on July 9 next. There are various changes in the competitions, and several extra sums of money have been granted by the council for the meeting, which bids fair to be the most successful in both a pecuniary point of view to the rifle shots who will appear in July on Wimbledon-common and to the public who will resort there to see the shooting.

The two most important competitions, which were not shot for last year at Wimbledon, will be the International Challenge Trophy, between teams of English, Scotch, Irish, Welsh, and Channel Islands representatives of the Volunteer Service; and the United States National Guard v. Great Britain.

Several new competitions have been placed on the programme, among which are the "Tyro," M.H., fifty-two prizes, ranging from £10 to £1, making £100 to be awarded to the fifty-two highest scores in Part I. of the first stage of the Queen's Prize; the Molyneux M.B.L. bi-diurnal entries, open to all comers, £50 for thirty-two prizes, ranging from £10 to £1; distance, 500 yards; and the Bodine M.B.L., bi-diurnal entries open to all comers, £50 divided into thirty-two prizes, ranging from £10 to £1; distance, 200 yards. These two latter competitions were instituted as a compliment to the National Guard of the United States, who this year visit England for the first time.

The International Military Match, M.B.L., to be contested by teams of twelve, as follow:—One team of effective volunteers of Great Britain, and a team of effective members of the National Guard of the United States who were enrolled last year, at distances of 200, 500, 600, 800, 900, and 1000 yards. At 200 yards the position will be standing, the prone or sitting at the next two distances, and "any" at the final ranges.

The Yeomanry Inter-Regimental Challenge Cup will be competed for by teams of eight yeomen from the Yeomanry Cavalry, with S. cavalry carbines, each man having fifteen shots at 500 yards.

Among those old competitions which have had more money prizes added to them are the following:—The Grand Aggregate, which is now £300, divided into seventy prizes, ranging from £25 to £2; the "Mullers," value £250, for seven prizes, from £30 to £6; the "Albert," £175, for thirty-two prizes, ranging from £20 to £4; the "Gregory," to which has been added £30; and the "Armourers," to which has been added £10. Lord Hartington has followed up the precedents of former Secretaries of State, and has given £50 to be shot for at 900 yards, M.B.L.

There are some changes of minor importance in the Rifles competitions, one or two Snider competitions being given to the Martini-Henrys.

There is great hope that the Princess of Wales will once more honour the meeting by distributing the prizes on the last day—Saturday, July 21.

The annual dinner of the Royal Academy was held last Saturday evening at Burlington House—Sir Frederick Leighton, the President, in the chair. The Prince of Wales, in replying to the toast of his health, incidentally expressed a hope that the Royal College of Music will be worthy of the nation and of the support of so many friends and public bodies. His Royal Highness also drew attention to the excellence of the Academy exhibition, particularly to the collection of water-colours. Amongst the other speakers were the Duke of Cambridge, Sir Astley Cooper Key, Earl Granville, Professor Huxley, Mr. John Morley, M.P., Lord Alcester, Lord Wolseley, the Dean of Westminster, and the Lord Mayor.

OBITUARY.

LORD VERNON.

The Right Hon. Augustus Henry Venables-Vernon, sixth Lord Vernon, Baron of Kinderton, in the county of Chester, died on the 2nd inst. He was born at Rome, Feb. 1, 1829, the eldest son of George John, fifth Lord Vernon, by Isabella Caroline, his wife, daughter Mr. Cuthbert Ellison, M.P., of Heburn, in the county of Durham, and was the representative in the male line of a Norman family established in England at the Conquest by one of the Barons, created by Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester. Lord Vernon entered the Army early in life, and retired, as Captain Scots Fusilier Guards, in 1851. He married, June 7, 1851, Lady Harriet Anson, third daughter of Thomas William, first Earl of Lichfield, and leaves two surviving sons and five daughters. Of the former, the elder, George William Henry, Captain 12th Lancers, born Feb. 25, 1854, is now seventh Lord Vernon. The deceased nobleman, who in 1866 succeeded his father in the peerage, took an active part in the relief of the impoverished French Agriculturists, after the war of 1870.

LORD JUSTICE DEASY.

The Right Hon. Rickard Deasy, P.C., Lord Justice of Appeal in Ireland, M.A., LL.D., died on the 6th inst., at 41, Merrion-square, Dublin, aged seventy. This eminent lawyer and estimable man was second son of Mr. Rickard Deasy, of Clonakilty, county Cork, was educated and graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was called to the Irish Bar in 1835. In 1848 he obtained a silk gown; in 1855 entered Parliament as member for Cork in the Liberal interest; in 1858 was made a Serjeant; and in 1859 Solicitor-General for Ireland, succeeding, in the next year, Mr. J. D. Fitzgerald as Attorney-General, when he was sworn of the Privy Council. In 1861, he was raised to the Bench as a Baron of the Exchequer, and in 1878 transferred to the Court of Appeal. The Lord Justice married, in 1861, Monica, daughter of the late Mr. Hugh O'Connor, and by her (who died a few months since) he leaves an only surviving son.

THE DEAN OF WINDSOR.

The Very Rev. George Henry Connor, M.A., Dean of Windsor, Registrar of the Order of the Garter, and Resident Chaplain in Ordinary to her Majesty, died on the 1st inst., just six months after his appointment to the Deanery. He was born in 1822, the eldest son of Mr. George Connor, of Dublin, was educated and graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, entered into holy orders in 1846, and, after holding the curacies of St. Jude's, Southsea, and Wareham, Dorsetshire, was appointed in 1852 Vicar of Newport, Isle of Wight. In this preferment he remained for nearly thirty years, beloved and respected. He was for a considerable time Honorary Chaplain and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Chaplain at Carisbrooke Castle, and Honorary Canon of Winchester; and succeeded Dean Wellesley in the Deanery of her Majesty's Chapel Royal, in the Castle of Windsor, on Oct. 30 last. He married, in 1852, Catharine Maude, daughter of Mr. John Worthington, of Kent House, Southsea, and has left issue. His daughter Emily is wife of the Bishop of Newcastle.

ADMIRAL VERNON-HARCOURT.

Admiral Frederick Edward Vernon-Harcourt died at his residence in Cadogan-place on the 30th ult., in his ninety-third year. He was fourth son of the Hon. and Most Rev. Edward Vernon-Harcourt, D.D., Archbishop of York, by Anne, his wife, daughter of Granville, first Marquis of Stafford, and was grandson of George, first Lord Vernon, by Martha, his wife, granddaughter of Lord Chancellor Viscount Harcourt. He entered the Navy at the age of ten, and was a Lieutenant at nineteen. In 1810 he took part in the siege of Cadiz, and in 1813 commanded the Challenger at the surrender of St. Sebastian. He became Admiral in 1862. He married Marcia, daughter of Admiral Delap Tollemache, and by her (who died in 1868) leaves issue.

THE HON. ARTHUR UPTON.

General the Hon. Arthur Upton, Hon. Colonel 2nd Battalion Royal Sussex Regiment, and late of the Coldstream Guards, J.P. and D.L. for Westmorland, died on the 23rd ult. at his residence in Bruton-street. He was born Jan. 15, 1807, third son of John Henry, first Viscount Templetown, by Lady Mary Montagu, his wife, only daughter of John, fifth Earl of Sandwich, was educated at Sandhurst, and entered the Army in 1825. The rank of full General he attained in 1871, he was appointed Colonel of the 107th Regiment in 1873, and retired from the service in 1877. He married, July 17, 1866, the Hon. Elizabeth Frederica Blake, elder daughter of Joseph Henry, third Lord Wallscourt, but had no issue. General Upton was heir-presumptive to the viscountcy of Templetown, and by his death his nephew, Henry Edward Montagu Dorington Clotworthy Upton, succeeds to that position.

SIR THOMAS HOWELL.

Sir Thomas Howell, Knt., formerly Director of Contracts H.M. War Department, died on the 23rd ult., at St. Leonards-on-Sea. He was born June 28, 1802, the son of Mr. Thomas Howell, of Clapham; was educated at the Charterhouse, and, early engaging in commercial pursuits, became a member of the well-known firm of Hayter and Howell. This firm, connected with the Army service during the Crimean War, obtained favourable mention in Parliament, and in 1855, when it was resolved to place at the head of the Army Contracts a commercial man of ability, Mr. Howell was selected. He performed the duties intrusted to him so much to the public advantage, that two years after his retirement, in 1874, the honour of knighthood was conferred on him in recognition. He married, July 14, 1824, Mary Anne, elder daughter of Mr. William Pizzi, a shipowner of London. Sir Thomas was author of "A Day's Business in the Port of London," and of "Stray Thoughts upon Shakespeare."

SIR JOHN O'SHANASSY.

Sir John O'Shanassy, Knt., K.C.M.G., formerly Prime Minister of the colony of Victoria, whose death, at Melbourne, is just announced, was born near Thurles in 1818, and in early life settled in Australia. For more than thirty years he was a member of the Legislature of Victoria, was one of the framers of her present Constitution, formed three Administrations under it, and was Prime Minister of each. In 1870 he received the decoration of C.M.G., and in 1874 was made K.C.M.G. He was also Knight of St. Gregory, conferred on him by Pius IX. Sir John married Margaret, daughter of Mr. M. McDonnell, of Thurles.

MAJOR-GENERAL BARRY.

Major-General William Wigram Barry, C.B., Royal Artillery, died at Naples on the 19th ult. He was the youngest son of Major-General Henry Greene Barry, of Ballyclough, in the

county of Cork, "McAdam Barry," the representative of an ancient and eminent family in Munster, of the same origin as the Earls of Barrymore. He entered the Army in 1816, and took part in the Crimean campaign, at Alma, Balaklava, Inkermann, and Sebastopol. He served also in the Indian Mutiny, at the relief of Lucknow and the battle of Cawnpore, and in 1860, with the expedition to China, at the capture of the Taku forts, and the surrender of Peking. For the Crimea he obtained a brevet majority, a medal with four clasps, the Turkish and Sardinian medals, and the Medjidie; for India, honourable mention in the despatches, with a brevet Lieutenant Colonelcy; and for China, the decoration of C.B.

SURGEON-GENERAL HOLLOWAY.

James Lewis Holloway, C.B., A.M.D., Surgeon-General, died at Netley, on the 19th ult. He was born in 1825, the son of the late Mr. Benjamin Holloway, of Lee Place, Charlbury, Oxfordshire, and entered the Army Medical Department in 1848, attaining the rank of Surgeon-General in 1882. During the Zulu war of 1879-80 he was principal medical officer, and in 1881 in the Transvaal. The decoration of C.B. was given to him in 1880. He married, in 1870, a daughter of Mr. Benjamin Symmons, of Bures, in Suffolk.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Mr. William Morgan, D.C.L., of Uckfield, Sussex, J.P. and D.L., Barrister-at-Law, aged eighty-eight.

Elfrida, Lady Neville, widow of Sir Brent Neville, and daughter of Mr. Joshua Nunn, of St. Margaret's, in the county of Wexford, on the 14th ult., at a very advanced age.

Judith, Lady Turner, widow of Sir Charles Robert Turner, one of the Masters of the Court of Queen's Bench, on the 2nd inst., aged ninety-three.

The Hon. Mrs. George Wrottesley (Margaret Anne), wife of Major-General the Hon. George Wrottesley, and daughter of the late Field-Marshal Sir John F. Burgoyne, Bart., G.C.B., on the 3rd inst.

Sarah, Lady Buckley, wife of Sir Edmund Buckley, Bart., of Dinas, Mawddwy, and eldest daughter of Mr. William Rees, of Tonn, in the county of Carmarthen, on the 21st ult., in her forty-fifth year.

William Edward Steele, M.D., F.K.Q.C.P.I., Director of the Science and Art Museum, Dublin, and Medical Registrar for Ireland, on the 6th inst., at Wilton, Bray, in the county of Wicklow, aged sixty-six.

Mr. Charles Orlando Childe-Pemberton, of Kinlet and Millichope, Shropshire, J.P. and D.L., on the 1st inst., at Millichope Park, aged seventy; fourth son of the late Mr. William Lacon Childe, of Kinlet; assumed by Royal license in 1849 the additional surname and arms of Pemberton, and served as High Sheriff of Shropshire in 1859.

The Dowager Lady Emerson-Tennent (Letitia), of Tempo Manor, in the county of Fermanagh, on the 21st ult., aged seventy-seven. She was only daughter and heiress of Mr. William Tennent, of Tempo, banker, of Belfast, and widow of Sir James Emerson-Tennent, Bart., LL.D., who assumed his wife's surname, and died in 1869.

Mr. Edward Cazelet, of Fairlawn, Kent, J.P., formerly a leading English merchant at St. Petersburg, and latterly a landed proprietor and resident in Kent, on the 21st ult., at Constantinople, aged fifty-five. He was Lord of the Manor of Shipbourne, and erected there a new church, at considerable cost. In 1880 he contested, unsuccessfully, East Kent in the Liberal interest.

CHESS.

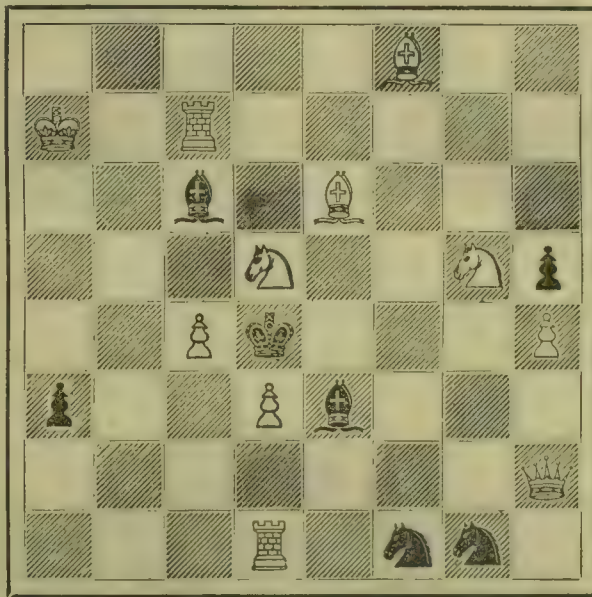
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2043.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. B to Q 6th. Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2046.

By LUDWIG FECHTER (Vienna).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

P A B (Plymouth).—No. 2040 cannot be solved by 1. Q to Kt 7th (ch), as you propose. The solution published is the only one.
D A S (North Sydney).—Thanks. The problem shall have early attention.
G O (Armagh).—(1) A piece is not deprived of its checking power against the adverse King when "pinned" as you describe. (2) A time limit is not usual in ordinary games, for the good reason that one is not obliged to continue playing with a slow player. (3) "End-Games" by Horwitz and Kling. (4) "Chess Life-Pictures," published by Kelly and Co., Lincoln's-Inn-fields.
J B P (Manchester).—In No. 2042 White's answer to 1. Kt to B 2nd or 1. Kt to Kt 3rd is 2. R to Q 3rd (ch), and 3. Q mates. The Black Knight at K R 5 prevents a solution by 1. Q to Q 6th.
T F B (York).—See answer to J B P.
R B (Wigan).—We are obliged for the game and report of the proceedings of your club, but as all our available space is at present occupied with the International Tournament, we must defer them.
W G (Whitby).—Always good, always welcome.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2038 received from Hussan (Secunderabad); of Nos. 2038, 2039, and 2040 from Albert Blehn (British Columbia); of Nos. 2039 and 2040 from D A Smith (North Sydney); of No. 2040 from P A McEwen; of No. 2042 from Jumbo and F B Grant; of No. 2043 from Gyp, Lavinia Grove, F F (Brussels), A F Froggart, Jumbo, J Harrison, J Keene, Theodore Zanger (Zurich), E J Winter Wood, Cafe Xavier (Brussels), G E Wheeler, W Vernon Arnold, and A Laundrie; of No. 2044 from Alpha, G R Baxter (Dundee), G S Wood, J R (Edinburgh), Macaulay, T F Butler (York), and F Bennett; of the Palace problem from A R Street, H Bristow, J R (Edinburgh), A Laundrie, E L G, J A B, and Carl Friedleben.
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 2044 and 2045, received from H B, Dr F St, Ben N, E L G, Jupiter Junior, J G Anstee, Norma, A J Street, G W Law, W Hillier, and E Casella (Paris), R T Kemp, A M Porter, L Johnson (Antwerp), H H Noyes, F E E Loh, L Sharnwood, E Harswood, R L Southwell, H Rees, M Tipling, L Wyman, Thomas Waters, G Seymour, A M Colborne, Otto Fuller (Ghent), G S Oldfield, A W Scutcheon, M O Halloran, N S Harris, W Dwyer, L L Greenaway, S Lowndes, D W Bell, C S Cox, Aaron Harper, Harry Springthorne, New Forest, Carl Friedleben, B Lindbergh, B H Brooks, and Frank Thomas; of No. 2045 from F E Tozer, Shafroth, Z Ingold, E J Posno (Haarlem), S W Mann, Cafe Xavier (Brussels), G T B Ryndon, A F Froggart, T P S, Julia Short, Smutch, Gyp, Taber, E H, J A B, S Kullen, Old Cuddie, Schmucke, W Biddle, Hereward and J Keene.

The International Tournament is reported on another page.

THE PARIS SALON.

Unlike the triennial exhibition, which is under Government control, the Salon is entirely in the hands of a jury of the artists themselves; and it is a noticeable fact that, since they took the management, the number of works, accepted and hung, has year by year been reduced. We are not quite prepared to say that year by year the quality of the work has improved; for gifts of any kind, whether in the individual or the mass, are always a fluctuating quantity. But it is something towards maintaining excellence if the number of exhibits is kept within reasonable bounds. This year, for example, the works shown are 4960, or 681 less than last year; and, although last year exceeded its predecessor, the figures, taken at their highest, are very different to what they were when Government bore the sway.

At the top of the grand staircase, besides the usual tapestries, miniatures, and religious decorative works—among the last of which, "The Girlhood of the Virgin" (629), by C. A. Crank, in which we see her, clad in white, being taught how to handle the spindle, is not one of the least touching—there hangs in the place of honour, occupied last year by the great mural work by Puvis de Chavannes, showing some Picard youths practising with the lance, an equally large canvas, some forty-five feet by twenty, showing the "Death of Prince Louis of Prussia" (468), by C. Castellani. It was one of the incidents connected with the great battle of Iéna, and the Prince is seen in the middle of the picture on a rising, being pierced to the heart by an officer of hussars; while between us and them the pursuing and pursued dash headlong past shattered trees and dying horses. The scene is very spiritedly depicted, and has always in front of it a group of admirers. In the *Salon Carré* alone there are five great battle-pictures, besides what hang in other rooms; and some of them are very grim. One of the most terrible pictures of the Exhibition represents a group of trunkless heads and bound Trojan women lying at the foot of the steps which lead up to ramparts of the taken city. The very stones are not only splashed, but drip with gore; and the moment the young and wonderfully-gifted artist, Georges Rochegrosse, who will doubtless take honours, has chosen here is when Andromaque is trying to recover, with maddened maternal clutch, the infant Prince Astyanax from a Greek soldier, whom Ulysses had ordered to wrench the child from his mother's arms that it might be carried up to the ramparts and hurled hence.

Let us turn to subjects less appalling, and see what the men of an older school are doing, even at the risk of finding less bravura of brush and less tragic intensity. Gérôme and Meissonier are both absent; but the former is, in a measure, well represented by his gifted pupil William Stott, although one would scarcely fancy he had ever studied under the venerable Baron, so different are their respective styles.

Cabanel, who, like the two last-named, was one of the glories of the Empire, has sent a couple of his delightful portraits. They are in Salle 22. The first (424) is the bust of a lovely hazel-eyed lady in low black lace dress, with yellow and red roses in her breast, leaning on table with her elbow, with her fingers intertwined. The second (425) is a three-quarter length of a benign-looking grey-haired lady in a black dress, with hands, one of which is gloved, crossed in front. She has a black ribbon round her neck, from which depends, in good old-fashioned style, a round emerald set with pearls.

Léon Bonnat has also two portraits, the one (289) is that of Madame E. K., who is full length and in a rich blue dress, with her shapely hands, white gloved, joined before her. Round her open throat are pearls, which hang in a double row to her waist, and in her dark hair there gleams on one side a crescent moon in diamonds. The other (290) is that of M. Morton, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States Legation. His is a three-quarter length, and his right hand is on his side, while he leans on his umbrella with his left. Both look straight at the spectator.

Jules Breton's two pictures, like the last named, are in Salle 20. The first (365) represents a bare-legged peasant-girl in a red dress riding on a donkey, turning her head to look at the rainbow to which the boy walking at her side directs her attention, and no doubt assures her that the darkling storm will soon pass. The other is a lazy stream meandering through a meadow. On one side of the water stands a sheepish-looking boy, who is in the first stage of calf-love and would fain say something to his sweetheart, the herd lassie, who stands bolt upright on the other bank, with her hands on her long staff, as if she would say, "Now, then, I am all here, what would you say?" What gives the touch of nature to these two pictures is that the figures are veritable rustics, and not mere studio models.

Midle. Baudry is represented by one clever picture, "Passeroses"; but the Master P. J. Baudry is absent. Bouguereau, on the other hand, has two very important and pleasing works. No. 327, "Almaparens," represents a grand dame, with a crown of corn ears and poppies on the head, seated and surrounded with nine nude little ones of various types, complexions, and expressions. Some gaze at their mother lovingly, and others scumble child-like among themselves, while she looks benignly forth with her sweet, calm blue eyes. She is seated with her feet on marble steps, while indications of a green meadow lie between her and the rocky heights beyond. Apples and grapes lie suggestively at her feet. Opposite to this hangs "Night" (328), in black gauze falling from her head round her lithe limbs, while, accompanied by three owls, she alights with a graceful bend of the body sideways on a marshy plain. Like all his work, these figures are exceedingly refined and pure.

J. J. Henner is another great master of the nude, although he works in quite a different way. His outlines are often dragged and even rugged; but the moment you retire the proper distance the flesh becomes quite luminous and the modelling perfect. He has two pictures, but, owing to mistakes in the catalogue, we could only find one, a golden-haired girl, reminding one somewhat of Correggio's Reading Magdalene, leaning on her elbow reading a book, in a dark, indefinite-looking landscape.

Jean Paul Laurens has also two pictures, the more important of which (1409) shows the Pope listening attentively to an official of the Inquisition who is reading out a list of names, we may assume, from a great parchment. His face has the religious sternness and not a little of the likeness of Savonarola's. The eagerness of the Pope as he leans forward is excellent, and the monk emphasises what he reads by placing his forefinger perpendicularly down on the table. This is a vigorous work.

Puvis de Chavannes, whom we have already mentioned, is represented by a portrait of a widow lady (1991), with crossed hands in front of her, reminding us very much in style of work of Mr. Whistler's portrait of his own mother, which is worthily honoured here with the line. He has also a picture of a poor wayfarer sleeping under a broken pine, and dreaming that the white-robed geni of Love, Glory, and Riches are floating over him and showering on him their various gifts. The three white figures in the air are scarcely buoyant enough, otherwise the scene is touching enough.

We propose returning to the Salon at an early date.

J. F. R.

SKETCHES OF PICTURES IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.



NATURE'S MIRROR.—J. MACWHIRTER, A.R.A.



KITTENS.—SIR F. LEIGHTON, P.R.A.



TOO LATE.—F. DICKSEE, A.R.A.



THE FAVOURITES OF THE EMPEROR HONORIUS.—J. W. WATERHOUSE.



PARTING DAY.—B. W. LEADER, A.R.A.



SUSPECTED OF WITCHCRAFT.—G. H. BOUGHTON, A.R.A.



BEYOND.—HERBERT SCHMALZ.



SATURDAY NIGHT: SEARCHING FOR THE BREAD-WINNER.
LOUISE JOPLING.



"They got out to explore banks and hedge-rows in search of wild-flowers."

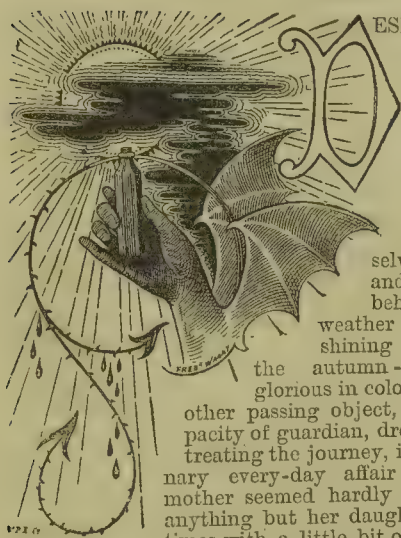
YOLANDE.

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A DAUGHTER OF HETH," "THE STRANGE ADVENTURES OF A PHANTOM," "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," "SUNRISE," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A BEGINNING.



DISPITE all her hurrying, however, Yolande did not manage to get away from London on the day following; it was not until early the next morning that she and her mother and the maid found themselves finally in the train, and the great city left behind for good. The weather was brilliant and shining around them; and the autumn-tinted woods were glorious in colour. To these, or any other passing object, Yolande, in her capacity of guardian, drew cheerful attention, treating the journey, indeed, as a very ordinary every-day affair; but the sad-eyed mother seemed hardly capable of regarding anything but her daughter—and that sometimes with a little bit of stealthy crying.

"Ah," she said, in those strangely hollow tones, "it is kind of you to come and let me see you for a little while."

"A little while? What little while, then?" said Yolande, with a stare.

"Until I go back."

"Until you go back where, mother?"

"Anywhere—away from you," said the mother, regarding the girl with an affectionate and yet wistful look. "It was in a dream that I came away from the house with you. You seemed calling me in a dream. But now I am beginning to wake. At the station there were two ladies; I saw them looking at us; and I knew what they were thinking. They were wondering to see a beautiful young life like yours linked to a life like mine; and they were right. I could see it in their eyes."

"They would have been better employed in minding their own business!" said Yolande, angrily.

"No; they were right," said her mother, calmly; and then she added, with a curious sort of smile: "But I am going to be with you for a little while. I am not going away yet. I want to learn all about you, and understand you; then I shall know what to think when I hear of you afterwards. You will have a happy life; I shall hear of you perhaps, and be proud and glad; I shall think of you always as young and happy and beautiful; and when you go back to your friends—"

"Dear mother," said Yolande, "I wish you would not talk

nonsense. When I go back to my friends! I am not going back to any friends until you go back with me: do you understand that?"

"I?" said she; and for a second there was a look of fright on her face. Then she shook her head sadly. "No, no. My life is wrecked and done for; yours is all before you—without a cloud, without a shadow. As for me, I am content. I will stay with you a little while; and get to know you; then I will go away—how could I live if I knew that I was the shadow on your life?"

"Well, yes, mother, you have got a good deal to learn about me," said Yolande, serenely. "It is very clear that you don't know what a temper I have, or you would not be so anxious to provoke me to anger. But please remember that it isn't what you want, or what you intend to do—it is what I may be disposed to allow you to do. I have been spoiled all my life; that is one thing you will have to learn about me. I always have my own way. You will find that out very soon; and then you will give over making foolish plans; or thinking that it is for you to decide. Do you think I have stolen you away, and carried you into slavery, to let you do as you please? Not at all; it is far from that. As soon as we get to Worthing I am going to get you a prettier bonnet than that—I know the shop perfectly—I saw it the other day. But do you think I will permit you to choose the colour? No; not at all! Not at all. And as for your going away, or going back, or going anywhere—oh, we will see about that, I assure you!"

For the time being, at all events, the mother did not protest. She seemed more and more fascinated by the society of her daughter; and appeared quite absorbed in regarding the bright young fresh face, and in listening with a strange curiosity for the slight traces of a foreign accent that remained in Yolande's talking. As for the girl herself, she bore herself in the most matter-of-fact way. She would have no sentiment interfere. And always it was assumed that her mother was merely an invalid whom the sea-air would restore to health; not a word was said as to the cause of her present condition.

Worthing looked bright and cheerful on this breezy forenoon. The wind-swept yellow-grey sea was struck a gleaming silver here or there with floods of sunlight; the morning promenaders had not yet gone in to lunch; a band was playing at the end of the pier. When they got to the rooms, they found that every preparation had been made to receive them; and in the bay-window they discovered a large telescope which the little old lady said she had borrowed from a neighbour whose rooms were unlet. Yolande managed everything—Jane being a helpless kind of creature; and the mother submitted, occasionally with a touch of amusement appearing in her manner. But usually she was rather sad; and her eyes had an absent look in them.

"Now let me see," said Yolande, briskly, as they sat at lunch (Jane waiting on them). "There is really so much to be done, that I don't know where we should begin. Oh, yes,

I do. First we will walk along to the shops and buy your bonnet. Then to a chemist's for some scent for your dressing-bag. Then we must get glass dishes for flowers for the table—one round one for the middle, and two semicircles. Then when we come back the pony-carriage must be waiting for us; and we will give you a few minutes to put on the bonnet, dear mother; and then we will go away for a drive into the country. Perhaps we shall get some wild flowers; if not, then we will buy some when we come back"—

"Why should you give yourself so much trouble, Yolande?" her mother said.

"Trouble? It is no trouble. It is an amusement—an occupation. Without an occupation how can one live?"

"Ah, you are so full of life—so full of life," the mother said, regarding her wistfully.

"Oh, I assure you," said Yolande, blithely, "that not many know what can be made of wild flowers in a room—if you have plenty of them. Not all mixed; but here one mass of colour; and there—another. Imagine, now, that we were thirty-three miles from Inverness; how could one get flowers except by going up the hillside and collecting them? That was an occupation that had a little trouble, to be sure!—it was harder work than going to buy a bonnet! But sometimes we were not quite dependent on the wild flowers; there was a dear, good woman living a few miles away—ah, she was a good friend to me—who used to send me from her garden far more than was right. And every time that I passed—another handful of flowers; more than that, perhaps some fresh vegetables all nicely packed up; perhaps a little basket of new-laid eggs; perhaps a pair of ducklings—oh, such kindness as was quite ridiculous from a stranger. And then when I come away, she goes to the lodge, and takes one of the girls with her, to see that all is right; and no question of trouble or inconvenience; you would think it was you who were making the obligation and giving kindness, not taking it. I must write to her when I have time. But I hope soon to hear how they are all going on up there in the Highlands."

"Dear Yolande," said the mother, "why should you occupy yourself about me? Do your writing; I am content to sit in the same room. Indeed, I would rather listen to you talking about the Highlands than go out to get the bonnet or anything else."

"Why do I occupy myself about you?" said Yolande. "Because I have brought you here to make you well; that is why. And you must be as much as possible out-of-doors—especially on such a day as this, when the air is from the sea. Ah, we shall soon make you forget the London dinginess and the smoke. And you would rather not go for a drive, perhaps, when it is I who am going to drive you?"

Indeed, she took the mastership into her own hand; and perhaps that was a fortunate necessity; for it prevented her thinking over certain things that had happened to herself. Wise, grave-eyed, thoughtful, and prudent, there was now little left in her manner or speech of the petulant and light-

hearted Yolande of other days; and yet she was pleased to see that her mother was taking more and more interest in her; and perhaps sometimes—though she strove to forget the past altogether and only to keep herself busily occupied with the present—there was some vague and subtle sense of self-approval. Or was it self-approval? Was it not rather some dim kind of belief that if he who had appealed to her, if he who had said that he had faith in her, could now see her, he would say that she was doing well? But she tried to put these remembrances away.

An odd thing happened when they were out. They had gone to the shop where Yolande had seen the bonnets; and she was so satisfied with the one that she chose that she made her mother put it on then and there, and asked the milliner to send the other home. Then they went outside again; and not far off was a chemist's shop.

"Now," said Yolande, "we will go and choose two scents for the bottles in the dressing-bag. One shall be white-rose; and the other? What other?"

"Which ever you like best, Yolande," said her mother submissively; her daughter had become so completely her guide and guardian.

"But it is for your dressing-bag, mother, not mine," said Yolande. "You must choose. You must come into the shop and choose."

"Very well, then."

They walked to the shop; and Yolande glanced for a minute at the window and then went inside. But the moment they had got within the door—perhaps it was the odour of the place that had recalled her to herself—the mother shrank back with a strange look of fear on her face.

"Yolande," she said, in a low, hurried voice, "I will wait for you outside."

"But which is to be the other scent, mother?"

"I will wait for you outside," said she, with her hand touching her daughter's arm. "I will wait for you outside."

Then Yolande seemed to comprehend what that dazed look of fear meant; and she was so startled that, even after her mother had left, she could scarce summon back enough self-possession to tell the shopman what she wanted. Thereafter she never asked her mother to go near a chemist's shop.

That same afternoon they went for a drive along some of the inland country lanes; and as they soon found that the stolid, fat, and placid pony could safely be left under the charge of Jane, they got out whenever they had a mind, to look at an old church or to explore banks and hedge-rows in search of wild-flowers. Now this idle strolling, with occasional scrambling across ditches, was light enough work for one who was accustomed to climb the hills of Alt-nam-ba; but no doubt it was fatiguing enough to this poor woman, who, nevertheless did her very best to prove herself a cheerful companion. But it was on this fatigue that Yolande reckoned. That was why she wanted her mother to be out all day in the sea-air and the country-air. What she was aiming at was a certainty of sleep for this invalid of whom she was in charge. And so she cheered her on to further exertion; and pretended an eagerness in this search for wild-flowers which was not very real (for ever, in the midst of it, some stray plant here or there would remind her of a herbarium far away and of other days and other scenes); until at last she thought they had both done their duty; and so they got into the little carriage again and drove back to Worthing.

That evening at dinner she amused her mother with a long and minute account of the voyage to Egypt, and of the friends who had gone with them, and of the life on board the dahabeeah. The mother seemed peculiarly interested about Mr. Leslie; and asked many questions about him; and Yolande told her frankly how pleasant and agreeable a young fellow he was, and how well he and his sister seemed to understand each other, and so forth. She betrayed no embarrassment in expressing her liking for him; although, in truth, she spoke in pretty much the same terms of Colonel Graham.

"Mr. Leslie was not married, then?"

"Oh, no."

"It was rather a dangerous situation for two young people," the mother said, with a gentle smile. "It is a wonder you are not wearing a ring now."

"What ring?" Yolande said, with a quick flush of colour.

"An engagement-ring."

In fact, the girl was not wearing her engagement-ring. On coming to London she had taken it off and put it away; other duties claimed her now—that was what she said to herself. And now she was content that her mother should remain in ignorance of that portion of her past story.

"I have other things to attend to," she said, briefly; and the subject was not continued.

That day passed very successfully. The mother had shown not the slightest symptom of any craving for either stimulant or narcotic; nor any growing depression in consequence of being deprived of these—though Jack Melville had warned Yolande that both were probable. No; the languor from which she suffered appeared to be merely the languor of ill-health; and, so far from becoming more depressed, she had become rather more cheerful—especially when they were wandering along the lanes in search of wild-flowers. Moreover, when she went to bed (she and Yolande occupied a large double-bedded room) she very speedily fell into a sound, quiet sleep. Yolande lay awake, watching her; but everything seemed right; and so by-and-by the girl's mind began to wander away to distant scenes and to pictures that she had been trying to banish from her eyes.

And if sometimes in this hushed room she cried silently to herself, and hid her face in the pillow so that no sob should awaken the sleeping mother? Well, perhaps that was only a natural reaction. The strain of all that forced cheerfulness had been terrible. Once or twice during the evening she had had to speak of the Highlands; and the effort on such occasions to shut out certain recollections and vain regrets and self-abasements was of itself a hard thing. And now that the strain was over, her imagination ran riot; all the old life up there, with its wonder and delight and its unknown pitfalls, came back to her; and all through it she seemed to hear a sad refrain—a couple of lines from one of Mrs. Bell's ballads—that she could not get out of her head.

Quoth he, "My bonny leddy, were ye sweet Jeanie Graham?"
"Indeed, guid Sir, but ye've guessed my very name."

They could not apply to her; but somehow there was sorrow in them; and a meeting after many years; and the tragedy of two changed lives. How could they apply to her? If there was anyone of whom she was thinking it ought to have been he to whom she had plighted her troth. She had put aside her engagement-ring for a season; but she was not thereby absolved from her promise. And yet it was not of him that she was thinking—it was of someone she saw only vaguely—but grey-haired and after many years—coming back to a wrecked existence—and her heart, that had a great yearning and pity and love in it, knew that it could not help—and what was there but a woman's tears and a life-long regret? That was a sad night. It was not the mother, it was the daughter, who passed the long sleepless hours in suffering. But with the morning Yolande had pulled herself together again. She was

only a little pale—that was all. She was as cheerful, as brave, as high-spirited as ever. When did the band play?—they would walk out on the pier. But even Jane could see that this was not the Yolande who had lived at Alt-nam-ba—with a kind of sunlight always on her face; and she wondered.

Not that day but the next came the anxiously expected news from the Highlands.

"My darling Yolande,—"

"Your letter has given me inexpressible relief. I was so loth to see you go. Above all, it seemed so cruel that you should go alone, and I remain here. But probably Mr. Melville was right; perhaps it may all turn out for the best; but it will be a long time before anyone can say so; and as I think of you in the meantime, it is with no great sense of satisfaction that I am conscious that I can do nothing to help you. But I rejoice that so far you have had no serious trouble; perhaps the worst is over; if that were so, then there might be a recompense to you for what you must be undergoing. It would be strange, indeed, if this should succeed after so many failures. It would make a great difference to all our lives; sometimes I begin to think it possible, and then recollections of the past prove too strong. Let me know your opinion. Tell me everything. Even after all these years, sometimes I begin to hope, and to think of our having a home and a household after all."

"There is but little news to send you. At the moment I am quite alone. Mr. Shortlands has changed all his plans; and has gone south for a few days, finding that he can come back and remain with me until the 15th of October. Then you must tell me what you would have me do. Perhaps you will know better by that time. If you think the experiment hopeless, I trust you will have the honesty to say so; then I will take you for a run abroad somewhere, after your long waiting and nursing."

"The Master is in Inverness, I hear; probably it is business that detains him; otherwise I should have been glad of his company on the hill, now that Shortlands is away. But the shooting has lost all interest for me; when I come back in the evening there is no one standing at the door, and no one to sit at the head of the dinner-table. I shall be glad when the 15th of October comes; and then, if there is no prospect of your present undertaking proving successful, you and I will preen our feathers for the South. If they are going to bury you alive in these wilds subsequently, you and I must have at least one last swallow-flight. Not the Riviera this time; the Riviera is getting to be a combination of Bond-street and Piccadilly. Athens—what do you say? I remember the Grahams talking vaguely about their perhaps trying to spend a winter in Algiers; and pleasanter travelling companions you could not find anywhere; but even if we have to go alone, we shall not grumble much."

"This reminds me that one part of your letter made me very angry—I mean about the expense of the dressing-bag, and your proposed economy at Worthing. I suppose it was those people at the Château that put those ideas into your head; but I wish you to understand that there is nothing so stupid as unnecessary economy for economy's sake; and that when I wish you to begin cheescparing I will tell you so. Extravagance is silly—and ill-bred, too; but there is some such thing as knowing what one can fairly spend in proportion to one's income; and when I wish you to be more moderate in your expenditure I will tell you. And, indeed, it is not at such a time that you should think of expense at all. If this experiment is likely to end as we wish—then we shall not be considering a few pounds or so."

"I think you will be pleased to hear that Mrs. Bell does not manage one whit better than you—how could she, when everything was perfect? But the situation is awkward. I imagined she was only coming here for a day or two—to set things going, as it were, under a new régime; but the good woman shows no signs of departure; and, indeed, she manages everything with such tact and good sense, and with such an honest, frank recognition of the facts of the case, that I am really afraid to hurt her and offend her by suggesting that she should not waste so much of her time up here. It was all very well with Mr. Melville—he was her hero, the master of the house, the representative of the family that she looked up to; but it is different with me; and yet there is a kind of self-respect in the way in which she strictly keeps to her 'station,' that one does not like to interfere. I have thought of pointing out to her that my last housekeeper was a person called Yolande Winterbourne, and that she was in no wise so respectful in her manner; but then I thought it better to let the good woman have her own way; and with all her respectfulness there is, as you know, a frank and honest friendliness which tells you that she quite understands her own value in the world. She has, however, been so communicative as to unfold to me her great project of the buying back of Monaglen; and I must say it seems very ill-advised of Mr. Melville, just when this project is about to be accomplished, to disappear and leave not even his address behind. All that Mrs. Bell knows is that, on the morning you left, he announced his intention of crossing over the hills to Kingussie, to catch the night-train going south; and Duncan says he saw him going up by the Corrie-an-eich. You know what an undertaking that is, and the stories they tell about people having been lost in these solitudes; but, as Duncan says, there was not anyone in the country who could cross the hills with less chance of coming to harm than Mr. Melville. Still, he might have left the good woman his address; and she, it seems, did not consider it her 'place' to ask."

At this point Yolande stopped—her brain bewildered, her heart beating wildly. If he had crossed over the hills to catch the night-train to the south—why, that was the train in which she also was travelling from Inverness to London! Had he been in that same train, then—separated from her by a few carriages only—during the long darkness in which she seemed to be leaving behind her youth, and hope, and almost the common desire of life? And why? He had spoken to no one of his going away. Mrs. Bell had guessed that he might be going, from his preparations of the previous evening; but to leave on that very morning—to catch the very train in which she was seated—perhaps to come all the way to London with her: here was food for speculation and wonder! Of course, it never occurred to her that he might have come to any harm in crossing the hills; she did not even think of that. He was as familiar with these corries and slopes and streams as with the door-step of the house at Gress. No; he had waited for the train to come along; perhaps she did not even look out from the window when they reached the station; he would get into one of the carriages; and all through the long afternoon and evening, and on and through the blackness of the night, and in the grey of the morning, he was there. And perhaps at Euston-square, too? He might easily escape her notice in the crowd, if he wished to do so. Would he disappear into the wilderness of London? But he knew the name of the hotel she was going to—that had all been arranged between them; might he not by accident have passed along Albemarle-street on one or other of those days? Ah, if she had had chance to see him!—would not London have seemed less lonely—would she not have consoled herself with the fancy

that somewhere or other there was one watching over her and guarding her? A dream—a dream. If he were indeed there, he had avoided meeting her. He had gone away. He had disappeared—into the unknown; and perhaps the next she should hear of him might be after many years, as of a grey-haired man going back to the place that once knew him, with perhaps some vague question on his lips: "My bonny leddy, were ye sweet Jeanie Graham?"—though to whom he might address that question she scarcely dared to ask or think.

She only looked over the remainder of the letter; her hurried fancies were wandering far away.

"So you see I have no news; although in my solitude this gossip seems to unite you with me for a time. The only extraordinary thing that I have seen or met with since you left we ran across the other night on coming home from the shooting. We had been to the far tops after ptarmigan and white hares; and got belated. Long before we reached home complete darkness overtook us; a darkness so complete that, although we walked Indian file, Duncan leading, I could not see Shortlands, who was just in front of me; I had to follow him by sound, sliding down among loose stones or jumping into peat-hags in a very happy-go-lucky fashion. Crossing the Allt-erom by the little swinging bridge you know of was also a pleasant performance; for there had been rain, and the waters were much swollen, and made a terrible noise in the dark. However, it was when we were over the bridge and making for the lodge that I noticed the phenomenon I am going to tell you about. I was trying to make out John Shortlands' legs in front of me when I saw on the ground two or three small points of white fire. I thought it strange for glowworms to be so high above the level of the sea; and I called the others back to examine these things. But now I found, as they were all standing in the dark, talking, that wherever you lifted your foot from the wet black peat, immediately afterwards a large number of these pale points of clear fire appeared, burning for about a minute and then gradually disappearing. Some were larger and clearer than others—just as you remember, on a phosphorescent night at sea, there are individual big stars separate from the general rush of white as the steamer goes on. We tried to lift some of the points of light, but could not manage it; so I take it they were not glow-worms or any other living creatures; but an emanation of gas from the peaty soil; only that, unlike the will-o'-the-wisp, they were quite stationary and burned with a clear white, or blue-white flame—the size of the most of them not bigger than the head of a common pin, and sometimes about fifteen or twenty of them appearing where one foot had been pressed into the soft soil. Had Mr. Melville been at Gress I should have asked him about it; no doubt he has noticed this thing in his rambles; but he has been away, as I say, and nobody about here has any explanation to offer. The shepherds say that the appearance of this phosphorescence, or electricity, or illuminated gas, or whatever it is, foretells a change in the weather; but I have never yet met with anything in heaven or earth of which the shepherds did not say the same thing. But as you, my dear Yolande, have not seen this phenomenon, and know absolutely nothing about it, you will be in a position to furnish me with a perfectly consistent scientific theory about it, which I desire to have from you at your convenience."

"A hamper of game goes to you to-day—also a bunch of white heather from

"Your affectionate father,

"R. G. WINTERBOURNE."

She dwelt over the picture here presented of his solitary life in the north; and she knew that now no longer were there happy dinner-parties in the evening; and pleasant friends talking together; and no longer was there any need for Duncan—outside in the twilight—to play *Melville's Welcome Home*.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

AWAKING.

Another two days passed, Yolande doing her best to make the time go by briskly and pleasantly. They walked on the promenade or the pier; they drove away inland, through quaint little villages and quiet lanes; when the weather was wet they stayed indoors, and she read to her mother; or they rigged up the big telescope in the bay-window, to follow the slow progress of the distant ships. And the strange thing was that, as Yolande gradually perceived, her mother's intellect seemed to grow clearer and clearer while her spirits grew more depressed.

"I have been in a dream—I have been in a dream," she used to say. "I will try not to go back. Yolande, you must help me. You must give me your hand."

"You have been ill, mother; the sea-air will make you strong again," the girl said, making no reference to other matters.

However, that studied silence did not last. On the evening of the fifth day of their stay at Worthing, Yolande observed that her mother seemed still more depressed and almost suffering; and she did all she could to distract her attention and amuse her. At last the poor woman said, looking at her daughter in a curious kind of way—

"Yolande, did you notice, when I came away from the house with you, that I went back for a moment into my room?"

"Yes, I remember you did?"

"I will tell you now why I went back."

She put her hand in her pocket and drew out a small blue bottle, which she put on the table.

"It was for that," she said, calmly.

A flush of colour overspread the hitherto pale features of the girl; it was she who was ashamed and embarrassed; and she said quickly—

"Yes, I understand, mother—I know what it is—but now you will put it away—you do not want it any longer."

"I am afraid," the mother said, in a low voice. Sometimes I have tried, until it seemed as if I was dying; and that has brought me to life again. Oh, I hope I shall never touch it again—I want to be with you, walking by your side among the other people—and like them—like everyone else."

"And so you shall, mother," Yolande said; and she rose and got hold of the bottle. "I am going to throw this away."

"No, no, Yolande, give it to me," she said, but without any excitement. "It is no use throwing it away. That would make me think of it. I would get more. I could not rest until I had gone to a chemist's and got more—perhaps some time when you were not looking. But when it is there, I feel safe. I can push it away from me."

"Very well, then," said Yolande, and she went to the fireplace, and placed the bottle conspicuously on the mantelshelf. Then she went back to her mother. "It shall remain there, mother—as something you have no further need of. That is done with now. It was a great temptation when you were living in lodgings in a town, not in good air; and you were very weak and ill; but soon you will be strong enough to get over your fits of faintness or depression without that." She put her hand on her mother's shoulder. "It is for my sake that you have put it away?"

In answer she took her daughter's hand in both hers, and covered it with kisses.

"Yes, yes, yes! I have put it away, Yolande, for your sake. I have put it away for ever now. But you have a little excuse for me? You do not think so hardly of me as the others? I have been near dying—and alone. I did not know I had such a beautiful daughter—coming to take care of me, too! And I don't want you to go away now—not for a while, at least. Stay with me for a little time—until—I have got to be just like the people we meet out walking—just like everyone else—and then I shall have no fear of being alone—I shall never, never touch that."

She glanced at the bottle on the mantel-shelf with a sort of horror. She held her daughter's hand tight. And Yolande kept by her until, not thinking it was prudent to make too much of this little incident, she begged her mother to come and get her things on for another short stroll before tea.

Towards the evening, however, it was clear that this poor woman was suffering more and more, although she endeavoured to put a brave face on it, and only desired that Yolande should be in the room with her. At dinner, she took next to nothing; and Yolande, on her own responsibility, begged to be allowed to send for some wine for her. But no. She seemed to think that there was something to be got through, and she would go through with it. Sometimes she went to the window and looked out—listening to the sound of the sea in the darkness. Then she would come back and sit down by the fire, and ask Yolande to read to her—this, that, or the other thing. But what she most liked to have read and re-read to her was "A Dream of Fair Women"; and she liked to have Yolande standing by the fireplace, so that she could regard her. And sometimes the tears would gather in her eyes, when the girl came to the lines about Jephtha's daughter:

— emptied of all joy,
Leaving the dance and song,
Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower,
The light white cloud swam over us. Anon
We heard the lion roaring from his den;
We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
Or, from the darken'd glen,
Saw God divide the night with flying flame,
And thunder on the everlasting hills.
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
A solemn scorn of ills.

"It was not fair—it was not fair," she murmured.

"What, mother?"

"To send you here."

"Where ought I to be, then," she asked, proudly, "except by your side?"

"You? Your young life should not be sacrificed to mine. Why did they ask you? I should thank God, Yolande, if you were to go away this evening—now—if you were to go away, and be happy, with your youth, and beauty, and kind friends—that is the life fit for you."

"But I am not going, mother."

"Ah, you don't know—you don't know," the other said, with a kind of despair coming over her. "I am ill, Yolande. I am wretched and miserable."

"The more reason I should stay, surely!"

"I wish you would go away, and leave me. I can get back to London. What I have been thinking of is beyond me. I am too ill. But you—you—I shall always think of you as moving through the world like a princess—in sunlight."

"Dear mother," said Yolande, firmly, "I think we said we were going to have no more nonsense. I am not going to leave you. And what you were looking forward to is quite impossible. If you are ill and suffering now, I am sorry—I would gladly bear it for your sake. I have had little trouble in the world; I would take your share. But going away from you I am not. So you must take courage, and hope; and some day—ah, some day soon you will be glad."

"But if I am restless to-night," said she, glancing at her daughter uneasily, "and walking up and down, it will disturb you."

"What does it matter?" said Yolande, cheerfully.

"You might get another room?"

"I am not going into any other room—do you think I will forsake my patient?"

"Will you leave the light burning then?"

"If you wish it—yes; but not high, for you must sleep."

But when they were retiring to rest the mother begged that the little blue bottle should be placed on the bed-room chimney-piece; and the girl hesitated.

"Why, mother, why? You surely would not touch it!"

"Oh, I hope not! I hope not! But I shall know it is near—if I am like to die!"

"You must not fear that, mother. I will put the bottle on the chimney-piece, if you like; but you need not even think of it. That is more likely to cause your death than anything else. And you would not break your promise to me?"

She pressed her daughter's hand—that was all.

Yolande did not go quickly to sleep; for she knew that her mother was suffering—the laboured sighs from time to time told her as much. She lay and listened to the wash of the sea along the shingle, and to the tramp of the last wayfarers along the pavement. She heard the people of the house go up stairs to bed. And then, by-and-by, the stillness of the room, and the effects of the fresh air, and the natural healthiness of youth combined to make her drowsy, and, rather against her inclination, her eyes slowly closed.

She was woken by a moan—as of a soul in mortal agony. But even in her alarm she did not start up; she took time to recover her senses. And if the poor mother were really in such suffering, would it not be better for her to lie as if she were asleep? No appeal could be made to her for any relaxation of the promise that had been given her.

Then she became aware of a stealthy noise; and a strange terror took possession of her. She opened her eyes ever so slightly—glittering through the lashes only—and there she saw that her worst fears were being realised. Her mother had got out of bed and stolen across the room to the side-board in the parlour, returning with a glass. Yolande, all trembling, lay and watched. She was not going to interfere—it was not part of her plan; and you may be sure she had contemplated this possibility before now. And very soon it appeared why the poor woman had taken the trouble to go for a glass; it was to measure out the smallest quantity that she thought would alleviate her anguish. She poured a certain quantity of the black-looking fluid into the glass; then she regarded it, as if with hesitation; then she deliberately poured back one drop, two drops, three drops; and drank the rest at a gulp. Then, in the same stealthy fashion, she took the glass to the parlour and left it there; and crept silently back again and into bed.

Yolande rose. Her face was pale; her lips firm. She did not look at her mother; but, just as if she were assuming her to be asleep, she quietly went out of the room and presently returned with a glass in her hand. She went to the chimney-piece. Very well she knew that her mother's eyes were fixed on her, and intently watching her; and, as she poured some of that dark fluid into the glass, no doubt she guessed the

poor woman was imagining that this was an experiment to see what had been taken out of the bottle. But that was not quite Yolande's purpose. When she had poured out, as nearly as she could calculate, the same quantity that her mother had taken, she turned her face to the light, and deliberately drank the contents of the glass. It was done in a second; there was a sweet, mawkish, pungent taste in the mouth, and a shiver of disgust as she swallowed the thing; then she calmly replaced the bottle on the chimney-piece.

But the mother had sprung from her bed with a wild shriek, and caught the girl by both hands.

"Yolande, Yolande, what have you done!"

"What is right for you, mother, is right for me," she said, in clear and settled tones. "It is how I mean to do always!"

The frantic grief of this poor creature was pitiable to witness. She flung her arms round her daughter, and drew her to her, and wept aloud, and called down vengeance upon herself from Heaven. And then, in a passion of remorse, she flew at the bottle that was standing there, and would have hurled it into the fireplace, had not Yolande (whose head was beginning to swim already) interposed, calmly and firmly. She took the bottle from her mother's hand, and replaced it.

"No; it must remain there, mother. It must stand there until you and I can bear to know that it is there, and not to wish for it."

Even in the midst of her wild distress and remorse there was one phrase in this speech that had the effect of silencing the mother altogether. She drew back, aghast; her face white; her eyes staring with horror.

"You and I?" she repeated. "You and I? You—to become like—like—"

"Yes," said Yolande. "What is right for you is right for me; that is what I mean to do—always. Now, dear mother," she added, in a more languid way, "I will lie down—I am giddy!"

She sat down on the edge of the bed, putting her hand to her forehead, and rested so awhile; then insensibly after a time she drooped down on to the pillow—although the frightened and frantic mother tried to get an arm round her waist; and very soon the girl had relapsed into perfect insensibility.

And then a cry rang through the house like the cry of the Egyptian mothers over the death of their first-born. The poison seemed to act in directly opposite ways in the brains of these two women—the one it plunged into a profound stupor; the other it drove into frenzy. She threw herself on the senseless form, and wound her arms round the girl, and shrieked aloud that she had murdered her child—her beautiful daughter—she was dying—dead—and no one to save her—murdered by her own mother! The little household was roused at once. Jane came rushing in, terrified. The landlady was the first to recover her wits, and instantly she sent a housemaid for a doctor. Jane, being a strong-armed woman, dragged the hysterical mother back from the bed, and bathed her young mistress's forehead with eau-de-cologne—it was all the poor kind creature could think of. Then they tried to calm the mother somewhat; for she was begging them to give her a knife, that she might kill herself and die with her child.

The doctor's arrival quieted matters somewhat; and he had scarcely been a minute in the room when his eyes fell on the small blue bottle on the mantel-piece. That he instantly got hold of; the label told him what were the contents; and when he went back to the bedside of the girl—who was lying insensible, in a heavy-breathing sleep, her chest labouring as if against some weight—he had to exercise some control over the mother to get her to show him precisely the quantity of the fluid that had been taken. The poor woman seemed beside herself. She dropped on her knees before him, in a passion of tears, and clasped her hands.

"Save her—save her!—save my child to me!—if you can give her back to me I will die a hundred times before harm shall come to her—my beautiful child, that came to me like an angel, with kindness, and open hands—and this is what I have done!"

"Hush, hush," said the doctor, and he took her by the hand, and gently raised her. "Now you must be quiet. I am not going to wake your daughter. If that is what she took, she will sleep it off; she is young, and I should say healthy. I am going to let nature work the cure; though I fear the young lady will have a bad headache in the morning. It is a most mischievous thing to have such drugs in the house. You are her maid, I understand?" he said, turning to Jane.

"Yes, Sir."

"Ah. Well, I think for to-night you had better occupy that other bed there; and the young lady's mother can have a bed elsewhere. I don't think you need fear anything—except a headache in the morning. Let her sleep as long as she may. In the morning let her go for a drive in the fresh air, if she is too languid to walk."

But the mother cried so bitterly on hearing of this arrangement that they had to consent to her retaining her place in the room, while Jane said she could make herself comfortable enough in an arm-chair. As for the poor mother, she did not go back to her own bed at all; she sat at the side of Yolande's bed—at the foot of it, lest the sound of her sobbing should disturb the sleeper; and sometimes she put her hand ever so lightly on the bed-clothes, with a kind of pat, as it were, while the tears were running down her face.

(To be continued.)

"THE PROFESSOR."

Mr. H. Stacy Marks, the painter of this picture at the Academy, is the greatest possible contrast to the painter of "Kittens." He cares nothing for style, the classic or ideal, for æsthetic colours, or decorative charm. He is a downright realist, and his forte is the representation of quaint individualities—often racy with humour not always of the most reverential sort. He has found "a character," in this present subject, though not so droll a one as the model of the "Gargoyle sculptor," or the kerne with "Toothache in the Middle Ages." This elderly gentleman is growing grey in the study of comparative anatomy. In his atrabilious complexion there is no sign of self-indulgence. He does not keep pace with the mode, for under his professorial black robe we catch a glimpse of a blue coat, with old-fashioned brass buttons. He is a man of limited ambition; but this is a proud moment of his life, for has he not risen to commence his lecture, and is he not evidently waiting for the plaudits which he is received to subside? He is a little nervous, perhaps; for, though probably incapable of blushing, there seems to be a twitching about his mouth; and his hands are placed not quite easily on the table. The faded green-baize table-cover, the red-distempred wall, and the anatomical diagrams hanging thereon, help further to illustrate the conditions of the man's life and the nature of his mission. From these diagrams it appears that the lecture will relate to the osteology of the crania of certain strange ornithological tribes—not a cheerful subject for all of us, but one, doubtless, deeply interesting to Mr. Marks himself, for has he not been long painting pelicans and adjutant birds, and other queer fowl, finding in them human analogues, and even, in his wickedness, pretending to detect in some of them a resemblance to episcopal gravity?

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Oct. 30, 1878) of the Right Hon. Claire, otherwise Hortense Eugénie Claire, Baroness Ashburton, formerly of Buckenham Park, Norfolk, but late of No. 116 bis Avenue, des Champs Elysées, Paris, and of the Château de La Tuynolle, Taverny, France, who died on Dec. 15 last, was proved on the 18th ult. by Lord Ashburton, the son, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £153,000. The testatrix gives 3,000,000*f.* and an annuity of 150,000*f.* to her daughter, the Duchess of Grafton, and, in addition, 60,000*f.* to erect an asylum at Ickborough for four poor married couples and two unmarried persons; 1,000,000*f.* to her grandson, Alexander Baring; 10,000*f.* to the Curate of Taverny, for masses; 5000*f.* for the poor of Taverny; and there are many considerable legacies, annuities, and specific bequests to her son, daughter, daughter-in-law, and to her brother the Duc de Bassano, and other relatives and others. The residue of her fortune she leaves to her grandson, Francis Baring. The testatrix desires to be buried with all her rings, and that a plaster cast of her late husband may be placed in her coffin.

The Scotch confirmation (dated March 21), under seal of the Commissariat of Perthshire, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated July 23, 1881), with a codicil (dated Aug. 5 following), of Mr. William Brand, late of Mylnfield House, Longforgan, Perthshire, who died on Dec. 11 last, granted to James Farquhar White, William Edward Brand and Rodman George Brand, the sons, Thomas Riley Bannan, and Thomas Collier, the executors nominate, has been sealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £128,000.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire (dated March 7), of the deed of settlement (dated Aug. 15, 1877), with a codicil (dated Aug. 5, 1879), of Mr. Archibald Crombie, merchant, Glasgow, who died on Nov. 23 last, granted to Archibald Robertson, Thomas Keny, and Ebenezer Simpson Machaig, the surviving accepting executors nominate, has been sealed in London, the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £74,000.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1882) of Mr. Thomas Short, late of Hazlewood, Surbiton, who died on Nov. 15 last at Great Malvern, has been proved by George Short, the brother, and John Reynard Batty, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £73,000. The testator bequeaths his pictures, prints, curiosities, and works of art between his wife and children; his household furniture and effects and £250 to his wife, Mrs. Marianne Havard Short, and he makes up her income, with what she will receive under settlement, to £500 per annum; £5000, upon trust, for his daughter Clara Jane; and legacies to his brother and his other executor. As to the residue of his property, he leaves five eighths to his son Richard Habbefield Short; and one eighth each to his daughters, Mary, Elizabeth, and Clara Jane.

The will (dated Nov. 11, 1880), with a codicil (dated Jan. 31, 1883), of the Rev. Mynors Bright, Senior Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and of 23, Sussex-place, Regent's Park, who died on Feb. 23 last, has been proved by John Edward Bright, the brother, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £36,000. The testator bequeaths £5000 to the Master and Fellows of Magdalene College, Cambridge, to be called "The Mynors Bright Building Fund," to be applied in building a house for a resident tutor; he also leaves to them his copyright and interest in "Pepys' Diary," deciphered by him and published in six volumes, with his notes thereto, to be sold, and the proceeds to go in augmentation of the Mynors Bright Benefaction; and, in addition, he gives to the said Master and Fellows his interleaved copy of "Pepys' Diary," in four volumes, edited by Lord Braybrooke. To his brother John Edward he gives his house in Sussex-place, and legacies to his sister, Mrs. Hawkins, and to servants. The residue of his property is to be divided between his brothers and sisters, John Edward, Louisa, Henrietta Cordelia, William Spencer, and Henry Odley.

The will (dated Nov. 27, 1879), with a codicil (dated Dec. 27, 1881), of Miss Charlotte Hannah Antrobus, late of No. 103, Onslow-square, who died on Feb. 28 last, has been proved by Rodney Edward Mundy, the nephew, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £22,000. The testatrix leaves legacies to relatives and servants, and the residue of her estate and effects between her nieces, Fanny Lewis Johnston, Rosamond Emily Lindsay, and Emma Georgina Mundy, and her said nephew, Rodney Edward Mundy.

The will (dated Dec. 26, 1882) of Mr. Robert Dudgeon, late of No. 25, Amptill-square, who died on Feb. 18 last at No. 33, Wimpole-street, has been proved by Henry John Smith, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £14,000. The testator bequeaths his portrait by Sir Henry Raeburn to the Trustees of the National Gallery, if they will be pleased to accept it; ten two hundred and eightieth parts of the residue of his property each to the Indigent Blind Visiting Society; the Orphan Working School, Haverstock-hill; the National Refugees Society, Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields; and the Home for Little Boys, Farningham;—and twenty of the said parts, after payment thereof of two legacies of £50 and £300, to the new society established by the Duke of Cambridge for augmenting the pensions of soldiers and sailors.

The will (dated Jan. 26, 1882) of Miss Mary Ann Beach, of No. 3, South Place, Henley-on-Thames, has been proved by William Johnson and Miss Agnes Skelton, the executors. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 each to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The will (dated Dec. 16, 1857) of Sir William Coles Medlycott, Bart., late of Ven, Milborne Port, Somersetshire, who died on Dec. 23 last, has been proved by Hubert Hutchings, the surviving executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £13,000. The testator leaves £500 to his wife, Dame Sarah Jeffrey Medlycott; his plate, pictures, books, and prints to be made heirlooms to go with his mansion house and settled estates; his furniture and effects to the person who shall succeed at his death to the settled estates; all his freehold, leasehold, and copyhold property, upon trust, for his son William Coles Paget Medlycott; and the residue of his personal estate to his three younger sons.

The will (dated May 29, 1877), with a codicil (dated June 8, 1880), of Dame Marian Leeds, the widow of Sir Joseph Edward Leeds, Bart., late of Cheltenham, who died on Feb. 14 last, was proved on March 29 by Edward Dalton, the acting executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £5000. The legatees under the will are testatrix's children.

The country meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society for the year 1885 is to be held in the district which includes North Wales and the counties of Cheshire and Lancashire.

The Corporation of Leeds have voted £10,000 to apply the electric light to the Townhall, the new municipal offices, and a few of the principal streets in the borough, preparatory to the general application of the light if the experiment proves satisfactory.

SOME LIVING FRENCH PAINTERS.



J. J. HENNER.



J. L. E. MEISSONIER.



P. J. BAUDRY.



J. L. GÉROME.



J. A. BRETON.



L. J. F. BONNAT.



A. CABANEL.



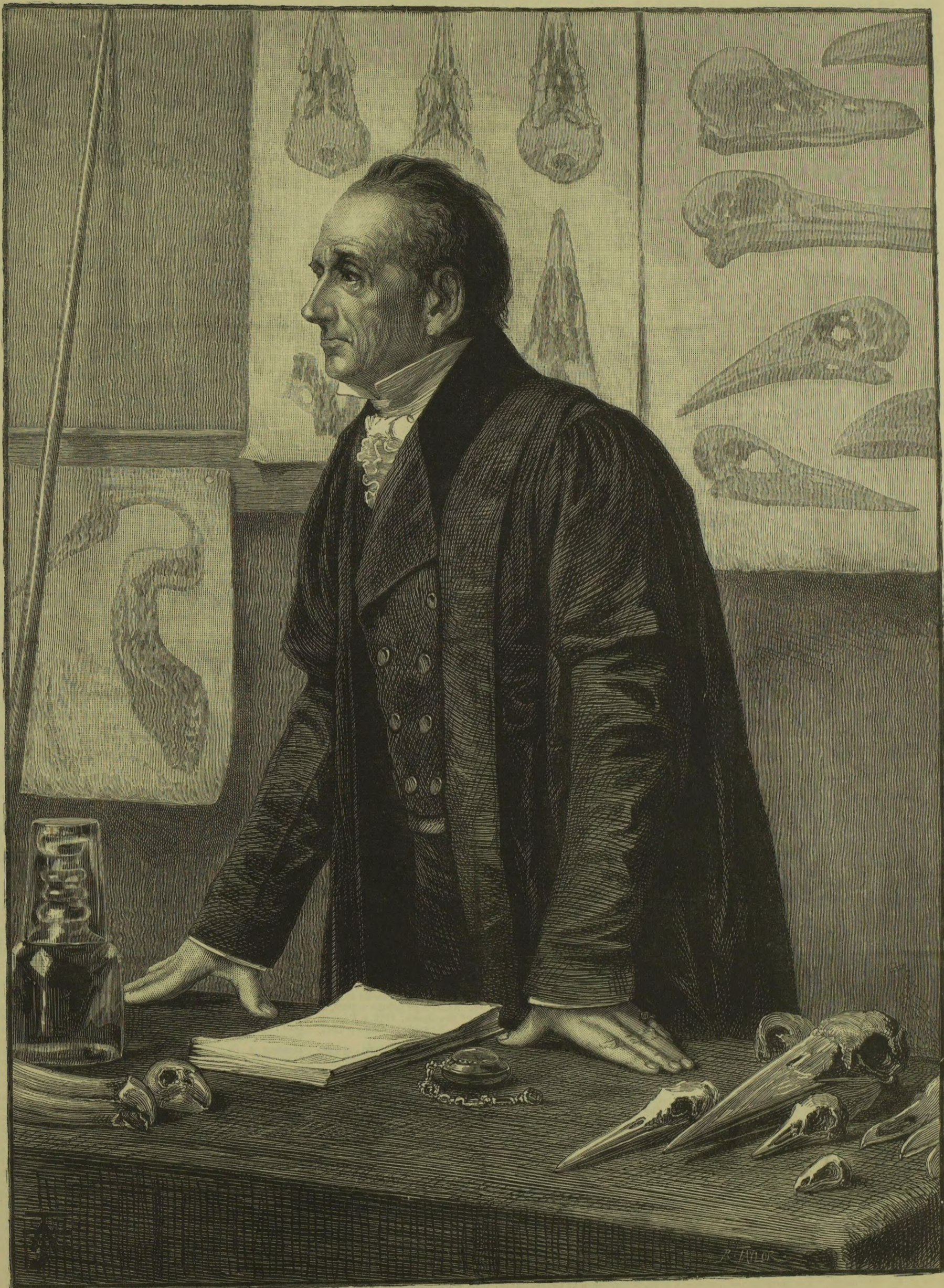
W. A. BOUGUEREAU.



P. P. DE CHAVANNES.



J. F. LAURENS.



THE PROFESSOR.

FROM THE PICTURE BY H. S. MARKS, R.A., IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

SOME LIVING FRENCH PAINTERS.

Another page of this week's publication contains some report of the "Paris Salon of 1883," corresponding to the Royal Academy Exhibition of London. Our correspondent, "J. F. R.," besides commenting on the general character of this year's French Exhibition, bestows more particular notice upon some of the pictures contributed by several eminent French artists of the present day. Their portraits, as well as those of Gérôme and Meissonier, who are of European celebrity, are presented in this sheet. The following is an exact account of the professional career and chief works of each of the artists referred to:—

MEISSONIER.

Jean Louis Ernest Meissonier, a member of the Institute of France, is the most important rival French art has ever produced of the miniature-like finish of the Dutch school. M. Meissonier appears to owe little to the teaching of any master. The fourth child of a commission-agent at Lyon, born in 1815, it was with difficulty he obtained permission to cultivate his genius. After some lessons from a drawing master at Grenoble, and a stay of four months in the atelier of Léon Cogniet, the young artist determined to pursue a style of painting until then neglected in France. In 1834 he exhibited *The Visit to the Burgomaster*, now in possession of Sir Richard Wallace; *The Chess-Players*, and *The Little Messenger*, all of which attracted great attention, from the novelty of the style. His Salon pictures have been as follows:—1838, *A Monk Consoling a Sick Man*; 1839, *The English Doctor*; 1840, *St. Paul and the Prophet Isaiah*, *The Reader*; 1841, *The Chess Party*; 1843, *The Painter in his Atelier*; 1845, *The Bodyguard*, *Young Man Looking at Some Drawings*, *The Picket-Party*; 1848, *The Players at Bowls*—regarded as among the best of his paintings; 1849, *The Smoker*. From about 1850 he increased the size of his pictures. In 1852, he exhibited *The Bravo*. This picture, together with *The Players at Bowls*, *The Quarrel*, and *Reading*, the latter two being new, were exhibited at the Exposition Universelle of 1855.

In 1857, nine pictures or drawings were exhibited; in 1861, *Napoleon III. at Solferino*, and *A Farrier*; 1864, *The Emperor at Solferino*, now in the Luxembourg; 1865, *Results of a Gambling Quarrel*. At the Exposition Universelle of 1867, besides several of those already mentioned, he exhibited a *Reading at Diderot's*, *The Captain*, *Horse Soldiers ordering Drink*, *Reading the Order of Battle*, *General Desaix with the Army of the Rhine*, *Confidence*, *A Painter*, *Man in Armour*, *A Man at his Window*, *Young Man of the Time of the Regency*, *Two Portraits*, *The Chess-Players*, a drawing.

At that of 1878 he exhibited sixteen pictures, among which were the portrait of Alexandre Dumas the younger, *Cuirassiers*, 1805, *A Venetian Painter*, *On the Staircase*, *A Philosopher*, *Portrait of the Sergeant*, *The Sign-Painter*, *Moreau and Desolles before Hohenlinden*, *Receiving-house of the Grand Garde*, *The Mounted Sentry*, *Dictating his Recollections*. In 1879 he painted a portrait of M. Hetzel, and in 1880 *The Traveller* and *The Farewell*.

M. Meissonier illustrated several books in the early part of his career. His work appears in *Royumont's Bible* (1835), in an edition of "Paul et Virginie" (1838), in "La Chaumière Indienne" and in "Lazarelle de Tormes" (1840), in an edition of the "Roland Furieux" (1844), in "Les Français Peints par eux-mêmes," "Le Comédie Humaine," and in an edition of the "Contes Rémois" (1858). He also made several etchings about the year 1841.

GÉRÔME.

Jean Léon Gérôme, a member of the Institute, is the son of a goldsmith of Vesoul, Haute Saône, where he was born May 11, 1824. In 1841 he came to Paris, and entered the studio of Delacroix, whom he accompanied to Italy in 1844. In 1853 he made a journey into Turkey and the eastern banks of the Danube, and, in 1856, a long stay in Upper and Lower Egypt, a journey which has furnished him with many subjects.

His first appearance at the Salon was in 1847, with the picture *Young Greeks Making Two Cocks Fight*. It was bought by the State twenty-nine years after, and is now at the Luxembourg. In the same Salon he exhibited a *Holy Family*, *Anacreon*, *Bacchus and Love*.

Since then his Salon pictures have been as follows:—1850, *Bacchus and Love Drunk*, *Souvenirs of Italy*; 1852, *Pesth*; 1853, *Idyl*, *Study of a Dog*; 1855, *The Herdsman*, *Pifferaro*, and a great historical picture purchased by the State—*The Age of Augustus and the Birth of Jesus Christ*, now at the Musée d'Amiens; 1857, *A Duel after the Ball*, *Egyptian Recruits*, *Mennon and Sesostris*; 1859, *Gladiators Saluting Cæsar*; 1861, *Phryne before the Tribunal*, *Socrates seeking Alcibiades in the House of Aspasia*, *The Two Augurs*, *Rembrandt in his Studio*, *Egyptian Chaff-cutter*, *Portrait of Rachel*; 1863, *Louis XIV. and Molière*, *The Prisoner* (now in the Musée de Nantes), *Turkish Butcher at Jerusalem*; 1865, *Reception of the Siamese Ambassadors at Fontainebleau*, *Prayer*; 1866, *Cleopatra and Cæsar*, *Gate of the Mosque El-Assaneyn at Cairo*. At the Exposition Universelle of 1867 the pictures exhibited were the *Death of Cæsar* and *Arnauts Playing at Chess*.

The Salon of 1868 contained the picture of the execution of Marshal Ney, entitled *December the 7th, 1815, 9 o'Clock in the Morning*; that of 1869, an *Old Clothes' Man at Cairo*; that of 1874, *A Collaboration*, *Rex Tibicen*, and *Père Joseph*; and that of 1876, *Santon at the Gate of a Mosque*. In the portrait Exhibition of the Beaux Arts, two *Heads of Children*.

M. Gérôme is a sculptor as well as a painter. At the Exposition Universelle of 1878 he exhibited a group of *Gladiators in bronze*, and at the Salon of 1881 a group in marble, *Anacreon*, *Bacchus*, and *Love*. In 1862 he was appointed Professor of Painting in the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

CABANEL.

Alexandre Cabanel, member of the Institute, born at Montpellier, 1823, was a pupil of Picot, and obtained, in 1845, the first prize in the *Concours de Rome*. His Salon pictures were as follow:—1850, *St. John the Baptist Preaching*, now at the Musée de Montpellier; 1851, *Death of Moses*; 1855, *The Christian Martyr*, now in the Musée de Carcassonne, and the painting now in the Luxembourg, *Glorification of Saint Louis*; 1857, *Othello Relating his Battles*, *Michel Angelo Visited by Pope Julius II.*, and *Aglae and Boniface*; 1859, *The Widow of the Chapel-master*; 1861, *Nymph Carried Off by a Faun* (now in the Luxembourg), *A Magdalene*, *The Florentine Poet*, and three portraits; 1863, *The Birth of Venus*, also in the Luxembourg, and a *Florentine Lady*; 1864, *Ruth and Boaz*; 1865, *Portrait of Napoleon III.*; 1868, *Paradise Lost*—a very large work, now at the Maximilianeum in Munich; 1870, *Death of Francisca da Rimini and of Paolo Malatesta*, now in the Luxembourg; 1872, *Giacomina*, a portrait in the Florentine costume of the fifteenth century; 1875, *Thamar in the House of Absalom*, a picture also in the Luxembourg; 1876, *The Sulamite of the Song of Songs*; 1880, *Phœdra*, consumed with grief—now in the Musée de Montpellier; 1881, *Portia—Scene of the Caskets in "The Merchant of Venice"*; 1882, *Venetian lady of the sixteenth century*; 1883, *The Nuptials of Tobit*, *Rebecca and Eleazar*, and three portraits. The above comprise the principal works of M. Cabanel. One of the most important, however, remains to be mentioned—the well-known paintings in the Pantheon from the life of Saint Louis.

He has also carried out several large decorative works. In 1852 he adorned one of the salons of the old Hôtel de Ville of Paris; in 1858, a ceiling in the hotel of M. Isaac Pereire; in 1862, the principal salon in the Hôtel Say in the Place Vendôme; and, in 1872, the principal ceiling of the staircase of the Pavillon de Flore.

BONNAT.

Léon Joseph Florentin Bonnat, a member of the Institute, was born at Bayonne, in the Lower Pyrenees, June 20, 1833. M. Bonnat studied under F. de Madrazo and Léon Cogniet, obtaining the second prize in the *Concours de Rome* of 1857.

In the Salon of 1859 he exhibited *The Good Samaritan*; in that of 1861, *Adam and Eve finding the dead body of Abel*, now in the Musée de Lille; 1863, *The Martyrdom of St. Andrew*, a portrait of a lady, *Pasqua Maria*; 1864, *Pilgrims at the feet of the Statue of St. Peter at Rome*; 1865, *Antigone conducting Oedipus, blind*; 1866, *St. Vincent de Paul taking the place of a galley-slave*, now in the Church of St. Nicolas des Champs, also, *Neapolitan Peasants before the Farnese Palace in Rome*.

His pictures at the Exposition Universelle of 1867 included the two last named, the *Pasqua Maria*, the *Pilgrims*, and a new subject—*Ribera drawing at the gate of the Ara Cœli*.

On his return from travelling in the East he exhibited, in 1869, an *Assumption of the Virgin*, and his decorations for the ceiling of the Salle des Assises in the Palais de Justice.

The fruit of his journey appears in the following subjects:—1870, *Fellah woman and child*, and *Street in Jerusalem*; 1872, *Sheiks of Akabah*, *Arabia Petraea*; 1873, *Turkish Barber*; and, in 1876, *Negro Barber at Suez*. Probably, too, in three Bible subjects—1873, *Christ on the Cross*; 1876, *The Struggle of Jacob*; 1880, *Job*.

In the Salon of 1875 two portraits appeared—one, of the artist himself. Since then M. Bonnat has devoted himself specially to portraiture. In 1877 he exhibited the portrait of the late M. Thiers; in 1879, a fine portrait of Victor Hugo; in 1880, that of M. Grévy, the President.

BOUGUEREAU.

Willam Adolphe Bouguereau, also a member of the Institute, was born at La Rochelle, Nov. 30, 1825. M. Bouguereau studied under Picot, and gained in 1850, in conjunction with M. Baudry, the *Prix de Rome*.

At the Salon of 1855 one of his works exhibited, *The Body of St. Cecilia brought into the Catacombs*, was purchased by the State. In 1857 appeared the picture of *The Emperor at Tarascon Visiting the Sufferers from the Inundation*, painted by official command. The same Salon contained *The Return of Tobit*. In 1857 he executed a series of decorative panels for the hotel of a French amateur, M. Bartholoni. In 1859 were exhibited *Love Wounded* and *Les Jours des Morts*; in 1861, *Return from the Fields and Peace*; in 1863, a *Holy Family*, *Remorse*, and a *Bacchante*; in 1864, *Sleep*; in 1865, *An Indigent Family*; in 1866, *The First Caresses and Greediness*.

At the Salon of 1868 appeared *A Pastoral*, and *Children Sleeping*. In that of 1869, *Apollo and the Muses in Olympus*, and *Between Love and Riches*; in 1870, a *Woman Bathing*; in 1872, *Hay-making*, and a *Woman Mowing*; in 1873, *Nymphs and Satyrs*, and *The Young Marauders*; in 1874, *Homer and his Guide*, also a *Charity*; in 1875, a *Holy Family*, *Flora and Zephyr*; in 1876, a *Pietà*; in 1877, a *Virgin Consolatrix*; in 1879, *The Birth of Venus*; in 1880, *A Young Girl Defending Herself against Love*, and a *Scourging of Jesus Christ*; in 1881, a *Virgin with Angels*, and *Dawnbreak*; in 1882, *Twilight*, and *Brother and Sister*; in 1883, *Alma Parens*, and *Night*, and two Portraits.

The Luxembourg contains three of the paintings already mentioned—the *St. Cecilia*, the *Virgin Consolatrix*, the *Birth of Venus*; and *Philomèle and Progné*, painted in 1861. The Churches of St. Clotilde and of St. Augustin also contain decorative paintings by M. Bouguereau.

BAUDRY.

Paul Jacques Baudry, another member of the Institute, was born at Roche-sur-Yon, Vendée, Nov. 7, 1828. M. Baudry studied under Sartoris and Drolling; and, in 1850, won, in conjunction with M. Bouguereau, the *Prix de Rome*. He very soon entered the line of art in which he has won distinction. His decoration of the Salon of the late Achille Fould, representing the attributes of the gods, was made at an early stage in his career. These paintings now belong to the Duc d'Aumale, and are at Chantilly.

Three of his first pictures, exhibited in the Salon of 1857, are to-day in public galleries:—*Fortune and the Child* and a *Little St. John*, at the Luxembourg; *Execution of a Vestal*, at the Musée de Lille. The first-named picture was sent by the French Government to the International Exhibition at Kensington in 1872.

At the Salon of 1859 M. Baudry exhibited a *Magdalen*, *The Toilet of Venus*, and a *Portrait*; at that of 1861, four portraits, among which was one of the late M. Guizot, and two other pictures—*Charlotte Corday Killing Marat*, and *Cybele and Amphitrite*.

At the Salon of 1863 were two portraits and *The Wave and the Pearl*; at that of 1864, *Diana Surprised*; and, in 1865, *The Hours*, decoration of a ceiling.

From 1866 to 1874 he was engaged in the decoration of the ceilings of the public saloon of the New Opera. The paintings (in all, thirty-three) were exhibited, in 1874, at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

In 1848 he made copies of the Cartoons of Raffaele at Kensington, and exhibited at the following Salons: 1869, a *Portrait of Garmen*, architect of the Opera; 1872, a *Portrait of Edmond About*; 1876, *Fellah Woman of Cairo*; 1877, *Equestrian Portrait of the Comte de Palikao*.

In 1880 he designed the new bank-note of 100f.—a very interesting work, the reverse being peculiarly fine. His next great decorative work was the central panel of the ceiling of the Court of Cassation, *Glorification of the Law*, in 1881; then, in 1882, he painted *St. Hubert*, a chimney-piece for the hunting gallery at Chantilly. He has also made decorative paintings for the mansion of Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, at New York (*The Marriage of Psyche*); and for that of Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt (*Phœbe*).

His Salon picture in 1882 was *Truth*; in that of 1883 he exhibits *Diana Chasing Love*, and *Psyche and Love*.

JEAN JACQUES HENNER.

A native of Alsace, M. Henner was born at Bernwiller, March 5, 1829. He entered the Paris Ecole des Beaux-Arts in 1848, and studied under Drolling and Picot. His health, however, compelled his return to Alsace for two years. Readmitted into the school, he obtained in 1858 the *Prix de Rome*, for a picture of *Adam and Eve finding the body of Abel*.

M. Henner painted four pictures for the Musée de Colmar: *A Magdalen*, *Christ in Prison*, *A Young Roman*, and *A Bather Asleep*. The last-mentioned was his first Salon picture, in 1863. Since then he has exhibited: 1866, *A Young Girl*, *Biblis changed into a Spring*; 1868, *The Toilet of Venus*; 1869, a woman lying down; 1870, *The Alsatian*—by far the best-known of all his works: it was presented in 1872 by a committee of Alsatian ladies to Gambetta.

The series of Salon pictures thus continues: 1872, an *Idyl*;

1873, *Portrait of the late General Chanzy*; 1874, *The Good Samaritan*; 1875, a *Naiad*; 1876, *The Dead Christ*; 1877, a *John the Baptist*, and *Evening*; 1878, *The Dead Christ*, and a *Magdalen*; 1879, *Jesus in the Tomb*; 1880, *The Fountain*, *Sleep*; 1881, *The Spring*, *St. Jerome*; 1882, *Joseph Barra*; 1883, *Woman Reading*, and *The Nun*.

Four of the above pictures are in the Luxembourg: *Susanna*, an *Idyl*, *The Good Samaritan*, and a *Naiad*.

JULES ADOLPHE BRETON.

Born at Courrières, Pas de Calais, May 1, 1827, M. Breton was educated at Douai, and in 1843 became a pupil of Devigne at Ghent. In 1847 he entered the atelier of Drolling in Paris, and in the same year exhibited his picture of *Misery and Despair*. At the Salon of 1850 he had a picture called *Hunger*; at that of 1853, *The Reapers' Return*. But his first success was at the Exposition Universelle of 1855, where he had three pictures—*The Gleaners (Courrières)*, *St. Sebastian*, and *Young Girls Consulting Ears of Corn*.

In 1857 he exhibited—*Benediction of the Corn-fields (Artois)*, and in 1859 *Le Rappel des Glaneuses (Artois)*. Both these pictures are now in the Luxembourg. Of the same date are the pictures—*Raising a Wayside Cross*, now in the Musée de Lille; *Monday*, and the *Dressmaker*; in 1861 he exhibited *The Weeders*, *The Fire*, *Colza*, and *Evening*, in 1862: the last is now at the Luxembourg. Consecration of a Church (Pas de Calais), and *A Woman Making Hay*; 1865, *The End of the Day*, a large painting.

At the Exposition Universelle of 1867, M. Breton had ten pictures, among the new ones were *A Spring by the Seashore*, *Finistère*, *Harvest*, and *Reading*.

The Grand Pardon en Bretagne appeared in 1868; *Washing among the Rocks*, *Finistère*, in 1870; *The Fountain*, *Young Girl Keeping Cows*, in 1872; the *Potatoe Harvest* and *The Heliotrope*, in 1873; *The Cliff*, in 1874; *St. John*, in 1875, was exhibited in England; *The Gleaner*, in 1876, now at the Luxembourg.

At the Exposition Universelle of 1878, M. Breton had nine pictures. Among the new were *The Siesta*, *Fishermen on the Mediterranean*, *The Fisherman's Daughter*; a figure of a peasant woman, and a portrait of the painter's wife, in 1879; *Evening*, in 1880; *Woman of Artois*, in 1881; *Evening in the Hamlets of Finistère*, *The Rainbow*, and *Morning*, are his Salon pictures this year.

M. Breton married, in 1858, the daughter of his first master, Devigne; his own daughter and her husband, M. Dumont, are painters. Emile Breton, the landscape-painter, is his brother.

In 1875 he published a volume of poetry, "Les Champs et la Mer"; and, in 1876, a poem of rural life, called "Jeanne," for which he received the Montyon prize, awarded by the French Academy. In this idyl of French peasant life it is easy to find the inspiration of several of M. Breton's paintings. His name will be linked with that of Millet as the exponents in France of that simple but profound poetry which surrounds the peasant in all lands and in every age.

PIERRE PUVIS DE CHAVANNES.

M. Puvis de Chavannes, born at Lyon, Dec. 14, 1824, a pupil of Couture and of A. D. Scheffer, early devoted himself to mural and decorative painting.

The first work he exhibited was in 1859, *Return from the Chase*, now at the Musée de Marseilles. Two years later he became known as a painter of the highest aspirations by his vast symbolic pictures, *Peace and War*, followed and completed by two others, *Work and Repose*. These four works were exhibited on a reduced scale at the Exposition Universelle of 1867.

In 1864 M. Puvis de Chavannes exhibited *Autumn*; 1865, *Ave Picardia Nutrix*, painted for the Musée d'Amiens; 1866, *Vigilance*, *Imagination*, and a vast and masterly composition, entitled *Sleep*; in 1868 he exhibited *Play*; 1869, *Massilia: a Greek Colony*; and Marseilles, the Port of the East, both painted for the principal staircase of the Musée de Marseilles; 1870, *Decollation of John the Baptist*, a *Magdalen*, and *Hope*; 1873, *Summer*; 1874, *Fisherman's Family*; 1875, two scenes from early French history—the one, *Charles Martel*; the other, *Radegonde protecting letters against the barbarism of the time*.

In the Salon of 1876, M. Puvis de Chavannes exhibited his designs for the frescoes from the life of St. Geneviève which adorn the Pantheon. The picture of St. Geneviève in prayer appeared in its finished state, that of her recognition by St. Germain and St. Loup as a cartoon.

In 1879 he exhibited the *Prodigal Son* and *Young Girls on the Seashore*; 1880, a sketch for the picture *Young Picards Throwing the Lance*; 1881, *The Poor Fisher*; 1882, the finished frescoes of the Young Picards, which was entitled *Pro Patria Ludus*. In this year's Salon he exhibits a female portrait and *The Dream*.

French contemporary art owes much to M. Puvis de Chavannes. He has set the example it needed of elevation of thought, purity, and restrained feeling.

JEAN PAUL LAURENS.

Like the great painter J. F. Millet, M. Laurens has come from the peasantry of France. Born at Fourquevaux, in the Haute Garonne, March 29, 1838, he received his first instruction in art at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts of Toulouse, and subsequently studied in Paris under Cogniet and Bida.

His first picture, *The Death of Cato*, appeared in 1863. Since then hardly a year has passed without his having produced a great historical work, some of which are widely known.

1864, *Death of Tiberius*; 1865, *Hamlet*; 1866, *After the Ball*; 1867, *Moriar: Jesus and the Angel of Death*, and *Portrait of the Artist*; 1868, *Vox in Deserto*; 1869, *Jesus Healing a Demoniac*, and *Herodias and her Daughter*; 1870, *Jesus driven out of the Synagogue and Ambrose Instructing Honorius*; 1872, *Death of the Duc d'Enghien*, and *Pope Formosa Addressing the Corps of his Predecessor*, *Stephen VII.*; 1873, *The Pool of Bethesda*; 1874, *St. Bruno Refusing the Sacraments to Count Roger*; 1875, *Excommunication of Robert the Pious*, and *The Interdict*; 1876, *Francis Borgia before the Coffin of Isabella of Portugal*; 1877, *The Austrian Staff before the Body of General Marceau*—this picture has become so popular that it has been rendered on the stage; 1879, *Deliverance of the Prisoners of the Inquisition at Carcassonne*; 1880, *The Lower Roman Empire*, *Honorius*; 1881, *The Question*; 1882, *Last Moments of the Emperor Maximilian*; 1883, *The Pope and the Inquisitor*, and *The Walls of the Holy Office*.

Two of the above pictures are in the Luxembourg—*The Excommunication of Robert the Pious*, and *The Deliverance of the Prisoners of the Inquisition*. M. Laurens has also painted a fresco for the Pantheon, *The Last Moments of St. Geneviève and Funeral of St. Geneviève*.

In 1870 he painted a child's portrait (*Marthe*), which appears at the Exhibition of Portraits at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. In 1876 he painted his own portrait for the Gallery of the Uffizi at Florence.

M. Laurens has illustrated *Éditions de luxe* of the "Imitation" and of Thierry's "Stories of the Merovingian Period." He is now engaged in making a series of remarkable etchings for Victor Hugo's poem, "The Pope."

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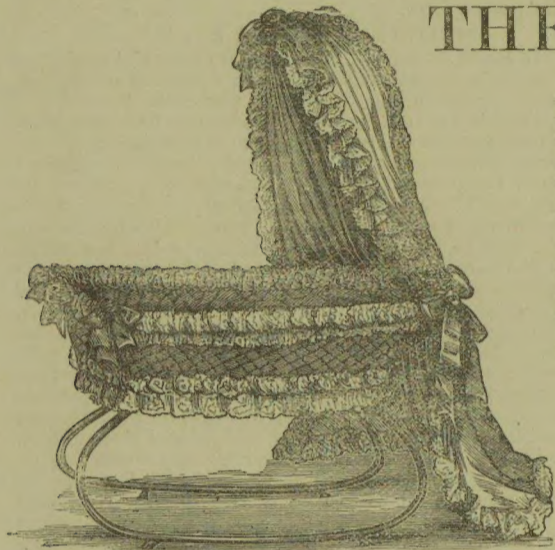
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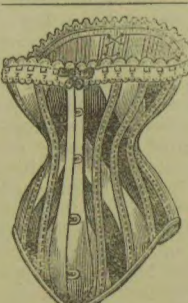
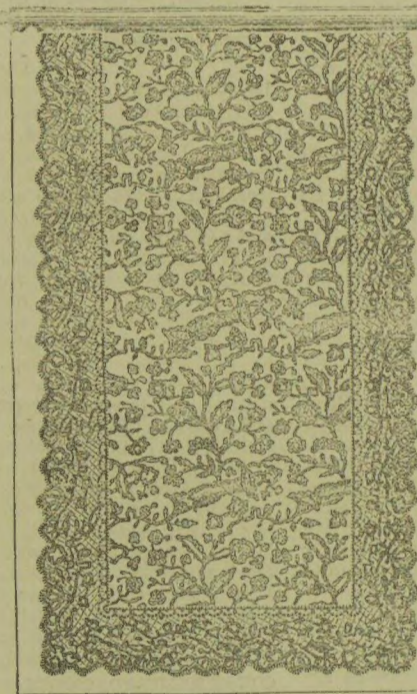
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A COUNTRY WITH A GREAT FUTURE.

A truly superb book, in many respects, with its map and very numerous illustrations, coloured and uncoloured, is *Mexico To-day*: by Thomas Unett Brocklehurst (John Murray); but an index would have added to its value and handiness, though not, of course, to its superabundance. The question of coloured illustrations is open to discussion, they are so often glaring rather than vivid, offering violent contrasts rather than harmonious effects, coarse in appearance, deficient in mellowness; but Mexican scenery would be nothing without colour, and it is only right that representations thereof should be coloured, and highly coloured, at all hazards. At the same time, there are certain subjects which, though Mexico be their locality, are sufficiently sombre of themselves to render the sombreness of black lines especially appropriate to them, so that the figure representing the Mexican "goddess of death" would have been more impressive, certainly a little less grotesque and laughable, without the tints of blue and vermilion. However, it is, no doubt, an exact reproduction of the original, and that is enough to silence the voice of objection. The literary contents of the volume can be very warmly recommended to general attention, if not for any extraordinary graces of composition, at any rate for the intrinsic interest of the narrative. It is just the sort of work which the majority of readers love to read and are the better for reading; it is not historical or political, it is merely a round unvarnished tale of the writer's experience and of the conclusions he drew from it during the not very long period of his sojourning in Mexico, when he made himself familiar with the mode of life among all classes, and was as often, and that was very often, in the hovel of the poor as in the mansion of the rich. He lost few, if any, chances of enlarging his range of observation; he committed to his note-book day by day, in the hours of the necessary repose at mid-day, the results of his procedure. Such is the origin of his book; and books based upon such a foundation are usually the most attractive, as well as the most instructive. The author considers, and is probably right in considering, that we English have taken but little thought of Mexico since the tragic outcome of French intervention, the execution of the unfortunate Maximilian, the sad fate of the almost more unfortunate Charlotte, and the withdrawal of the British Minister in 1860. How much the disgust which many English investors must have felt at the non-payment of interest due on loans has had to do with our disregard of Mexico and Mexican affairs the author will not take upon himself to say; but his book may cause the souls of those investors to revive, inasmuch as he predicts a bright future for Mexico, a prosperity which may turn to the advantage of his countrymen. A bright future is so seldom predicted nowadays for any country under the sun, that a prophet like the author, who prophesies nothing but good things about Mexico, should command a numerous, a sympathetic, and even an enthusiastic audience. Mexico, he declares, is reviving, and her revival is patent and full of promise. On that point he is certain, and most emphatic. It was in 1879 that the author left England on a tour round the world, not intending, however, to visit Mexico; but thither, in spite of his intentions, the Power that shapes men's rough-hewn ends directed his course in the March of 1881; there he stayed till about the middle of October, and thence he brought materials for the construction of a highly entertaining and by no means unimportant or uninteresting narrative. One of the most interesting chapters is that in which he gives an account of how he ascended the formidable Popocatepetl or "mountain that smokes," a sort of Mont Blanc and Vesuvius wrapped into one, with a peak, however, 5000 ft. higher than that of the Alpine giant, whose hoary head has failed to inspire with reverence the crowds of flippant tourists annually congregated at Chamounix. The author, having given a very unpretentious but a very clear and readable description of the ascent he made, adds, by way of contrast probably, a description written by an American gentleman with whom he became acquainted, and who had made the ascent of the mountain about a week previous to the author's own achievement. We are told that the American gentleman's narrative was composed for publication in the columns of the *New York Herald*, and to say that, with its artistic intersprinkling of capital letters, its "paraphrasing," its melodramatic treatment of startling incidents that might have happened but did not happen, or happened at some other time to somebody else, and its curious intermixture of dry humour, slang, levity, solemnity, and even poetic feeling and expression, it is worthy of the journal for which it was written is quite enough to give a fair idea of what it is like, and to excite a suspicion that the author must have inserted it not so much from a feeling of genuine admiration as from a sentiment compounded, as is not unfrequently the case, of friendly regard and critical enmity. The interpolation, at any rate, will increase rather than diminish the amusement which the reader might otherwise have derived from the volume; and that amusement is of good quantity as well as of good quality. There are several plates which are likely to serve a better purpose than mere amusement, for they must have a certain scientific value; and indeed the whole book has its serious as well as its merely entertaining aspect, though, as most readers will be glad to know, the latter is the more pronounced.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Among Messrs. Chappell and Co.'s recent publications are some pleasing songs which will be welcome in drawing-room circles. "Children," by A. Cecil; "The Midnight Hour," by P. Bucalossi; "Forget-Me-Not," "The Time of Roses," and "Wooring," all by G. F. Hatton; and "The Old Church Door," by Mrs. Lynedoch Moncrieff, are all distinguished by suavity and melodious expression, free from executive difficulties.

Original tunes to popular hymns, composed by Joseph Barnby (Novello, Ewer, and Co.), is a collection of pieces, "for use in Church and Home," which will be found eminently suited to their professed purpose; the melodies are pleasing and essentially vocal, and they are effectively harmonised.

"The Coffee Cantata" and "The Peasants' Cantata," by J. S. Bach (Weckes and Co.). This is a handy and cheap edition of curious works by composers who until recently was supposed to have only exercised his art in the sublime styles of vocal and instrumental music. Modern research, however, has discovered the comic cantatas which are here presented in a very available form, carefully edited and adapted to English words by Mr. Samuel Reay. The Coffee Cantata is a humorous dialogue between a father and daughter on coffee-drinking, he insisting that she shall give up the beverage, and threatening her that otherwise she shall never have a husband. The music is for soprano, tenor, and bass soli voices, with a closing three-part chorus. In the "Peasants' Cantata," a village fête is supposed to be given by the great man of the locality, the guests singing the praises of him, his lady, and the young heir, interspersed with some sly hits at the tyranny of the bailiff. The music here is for soprano and bass solo, with several choral pieces. Both cantatas are full of marked character, and are well worthy the attention of choral societies and domestic musical circles.

ROYAL INSTITUTION LECTURES.

RESPIRATION.

Professor McKendrick, in his fourth lecture on Physiological Discovery, given on Tuesday, April 24, considered the relation of the living tissues to the gases of the blood, or internal breathings. Two theories were explained: one, that combustion occurs in the lungs, or blood-vessels, by the union of oxygen with the carbon and hydrogen of the blood; the other, that carbonic acid is produced by the tissues themselves, and is merely separated by the lungs. The discovery that gases exist in the blood has led to the adoption of the second theory. As early as 1665, changes of the colour of blood had been observed. Priestley discovered that oxygen increased the redness, which became purple, by the agency of carbonic acid. The presence of gas in blood was proved by Mayow, Leeuwenhoek, H. Davy, and others; and finally, in 1837, Professor Magnus, of Berlin, obtained from blood more than half its volume of mixed gases, oxygen, carbonic acid, and nitrogen, an epoch in the history of physiology. He also found that arterial and venous blood contained these gases in different proportions. Fernet and Lothar Meyer, about 1857, showed that oxygen is in some way combined with the blood corpuscles, and that carbonic acid loosely united with the soda salts of the blood. The next great discovery was that the colouring matter of blood (hæmoglobin) combines with oxygen in the lungs, and may be regarded as a carrier of this gas to the tissues. This discovery was chiefly due to the spectroscope, in the hands of Hoppe Seyler in 1862 and of Professor Stokes in 1864. It was also shown that hæmoglobin can easily unite with oxygen and give it up again. Spallanzani showed that animal tissues absorbed oxygen and gave up carbonic acid; and this was confirmed by the researches of George Liebig and Matteucci. Many experiments were given.

MUSCULAR CONTRACTION.

Professor McKendrick began his fifth lecture on Physiological Discovery, given on Monday, April 30, with a short account of the views respecting muscular contraction now held by physiologists, and then referred to the theory held by Robert Hooke, Mayow (who just gave a chemical explanation), and Sir Isaac Newton. Leeuwenhoek first described muscular fibre as seen by the microscope. Glisson originated the idea that muscles contract through irritability due to stimulation, which was proved by Haller, who also demonstrated that muscular contraction did not depend upon the nerve supplying the muscle, the nerve merely starting it. This theory has been generally accepted. John Hunter assumed the existence of a vital force, and attached great importance to the function of elastic structure in the mechanism of the body. Bichat (1771-1803) distinguished between voluntary and involuntary muscles. Wollaston, in 1809, concluded that each muscular effort consists in a great number of quickly repeated contractions. In 1840 Mr. W. Bowman, the present secretary of the Royal Institution, showed that a muscular fibre consists of minute elongated bits of living matter placed end to end, named sarcolemmic elements, now known to be essentially of the same nature as the sarcoid of simple animals—the jelly-like matter described by Dujardin in 1835, which is really protoplasm, a term first used by Von Mohl in 1844. It is now known that contractile substance is essentially the same in both the highest and lowest forms of life. An account was given by the lecturer of the views of Liebig and Meyer respecting the chemical changes in the muscles. Schwann, in 1843, first measured the force of muscular contraction, and Weber, in 1846, showed that tetanus, or cramp, is due to a rapid series of short contractions fused together by the elasticity of the muscles. In 1850 Helmholtz invented the myograph, by means of which exceedingly slight movements are recorded, and in 1848 he measured the heat produced by muscular contraction.

THE ELGIN MARBLES.

Dr. Waldstein began his fourth and concluding lecture on Thursday, April 26, by remarking that the greatest works of Pheidias have all perished, and that inferior reproductions on a reduced scale can merely give us some notion of their construction, but none of that artistic merit which filled the ancient world with such intense admiration. What remains to us is merely some of the architectural decoration of the Parthenon, and not pure artistic sculpture, and, moreover, was designed by Pheidias, but not executed by his own hand. Still these works in their present fragmentary condition have been, and ever will be, the objects of the greatest admiration of all who are able to appreciate them. Comments were then made on the details of some of the Elgin marbles in the British Museum, beginning with the sculptures of the western pediment of the Parthenon, which are considered to represent the contest between Athênê (Minerva) and Poseidon (Neptune) for the possession of the Attic soil, which resulted in the victory of the goddess. The sculptures of the eastern pediment were next considered, the subject being the birth of Athênê, the goddess being represented standing, fully armed, just as she sprang from the brow of her father, Zeus, surrounded by the admiring gods. The last subject considered was the sculptured frieze, representing, most probably, the procession at the grand Pan-Athenaic festival kept once in four years by the whole Attic nation. The substance of these lectures will appear in the "Essays on the Art of Pheidias," with numerous illustrations, to be issued by the Cambridge University Press.

COUNT RUMFORD, ORIGINATOR OF THE ROYAL INSTITUTION. Professor Tyndall, on Thursday, the 3rd inst., gave the first of a course of three lectures on the Life and Works of Benjamin Thompson, Count Rumford, made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire in 1790, the title being derived from Rumford, now Concord, in New Hampshire. This remarkable man was born at Woburn, near Boston, U.S., March 26, 1753. His education was one fitted for a yeoman's son; but his inquiring mind was early devoted to scientific pursuits, and doubtless interfered with his duties as an apprentice to a store-keeper. In 1772 he was (as he said) married by Mrs. Rolfe, a widow, aged thirty-two, by whom he had one child Sarah, afterwards Countess Rumford. He soon after attracted the attention of Governor Wentworth, and his great energy and intelligence led to his appointment as Major in the Army, and to important civil occupations. When the War of Independence broke out in 1773, though he was acquitted of the charge of being "an enemy of liberty," he was so much persecuted that he was compelled to go to England. In London his great abilities and agreeable manners gained him many friends, and he became Under-Secretary to Lord George Germain, the Secretary of State for America, being also Lieutenant-Colonel of the American Horse Dragoons. He made experiments on gunpowder, and was elected F.R.S. in 1779. In 1782 he was at Charlestown, South Carolina, vainly endeavouring to retrieve the fortunes of the British Army there. Returning to England in 1783, and finding no field for his talents, he eventually entered the service of the Elector of Bavaria, with the consent of King George III., who knighted him Feb. 23, 1784. He crossed the Channel with the historian Gibbon, who styled him "Mr. Secretary Colonel-Admiral-Philosopher Thompson." At Munich he held several military and civil posts, and after four years of observation he succeeded in effecting a great number of reforms in the

Army and State. His iron resolution being united to much tact and kindness procured him love and honour in place of jealousy. Vicious mendicancy was abolished, bogs were drained, and a wilderness converted into a happy paradise, and the pauper workhouse became a hive of industry.

THE TEMPERATURE OF THE SUN.

Sir William Siemens, D.C.L., F.R.S., at the evening meeting on Friday, April 27, gave an account of some recent elaborate researches. He had calculated that of all the heat radiated from the sun only one 2,250,000,000th could fall on the surface of our earth, all the rest apparently going to waste. The discoveries of Bunsen, Kirchhoff, and others have given much information respecting the constitution of the sun, and have thereby tended to a more perfect knowledge of the nature and effect of radiant energy in its three forms of heat, light, and actinism. Newton and others calculated the temperature of the sun to be several millions degrees Centigrade; but Dulong, Petit, and others regarded it as below 1500. The lecturer described the ingenious methods by which he concluded that it could not exceed 3000 Centigrade. He referred to his experiments, whereby he had proved that the light of the electric arc not only possessed all the rays necessary to plant-life, but that its invisible ultra-violet rays exceeded in intensity the effective limit, and had to be absorbed by filtration through clear glass. In like manner the solar energy, much exceeding 3000 degrees, would no longer be luminous, but consist mainly of invisible ultra-violet rays. The lecturer stated that he had endeavoured to establish a definite ratio between temperature and radiation, which was experimentally illustrated, leading to the same conclusion respecting the solar temperature. Finally, he propounded a hypothesis regarding the way in which solar radiation is maintained—by the mechanical dissociation and inflammation of the gases and vapours continually projected from the photosphere.

WEATHER KNOWLEDGE IN 1883.

Mr. R. H. Scott, M.A., F.R.S., Secretary of the Meteorological Office, gave the discourse at the evening meeting on Friday, the 4th inst. He began by stating that since his last discourse, on Feb. 14, 1873, no material progress had been made in predicting seasons. By reference to tables and diagrams, he showed that the study of sun spot frequency did afford a sure basis for prophecy, since the connection between solar and terrestrial phenomena had been found too complicated to admit of direct demonstration. With regard to forecasting, a branch of meteorology developed during the last ten years, Mr. Scott referred to the geographical and other important differences which exist between the continents of Europe and America as to the carrying on such a service. The great desideratum in our own and in all other European forecasting systems is the organisation of local sub-offices to deal with local weather, the great obstacle being expense. He then demonstrated the impossibility of framing short forecasts, so as to be correct over a large tract of country, owing to the effect on wind produced by the direction of the hill ridges and river valleys, and he illustrated this by the exceptionally dry climate of the seacoast of the district known as Morayshire. He gave the numerical results of the forecasts of the last few years, and stated that all European offices claimed officially a success of about 80 per cent, showing that, as a general rule, the predictions as to wind were more correct than those relating to rain. No one as yet has successfully foretold rain or thunderstorms quantitatively. With regard to storm warnings, it was shown that the institution of an evening weather service, in the first instance at the sole cost of the *Times* newspaper, had raised the percentage of successful warnings. In conclusion, Mr. Scott stated that the most pressing want was knowledge of the upper currents. Balloon observations could not be obtained regularly, and the most hopeful prospect was in extending the study of the motions of cirrus, or mare's-tail clouds, which enable us to form an opinion of the weather existing at a long distance from the point of observation.

GEOGRAPHICAL EVOLUTION.

Professor Geikie, Director General of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, in his fourth lecture, given on Saturday, April 28, resumed his illustrated description of the results of Nature's sculpture apparent in the scenery of the globe. He considered that the work attributed to the ocean had been exaggerated, and was far inferior to that of rivers and other agents. Overhanging sea cliffs were few, and the exterior contour of a country was effected by submarine action as well as by the erosion of the waves of the sea. He then commented on the proofs of the removal of enormous thicknesses of rock from the general surface of the land, the measurement of which was much more easily obtained from horizontal than from contorted strata. In regard to this, interesting evidence was produced, obtained by the lecturer during his visits to the Western States of North America. An interesting description was also given of the results of river erosion, of which the escarpments and deep precipitous ravines of the grand cañon of Colorado are striking examples. He then commented on the mode of production of the striking features of mountain scenery, and the formation of valleys by the percolation of water, and its modifications by the water-shed, and the peculiarities of geological structure such as hard or soft rocks. The geological features of the Thames were referred to in illustration. Finally, the lecturer considered the formation of lakes, which were probably ancient basins of subterranean origin, and maintained by rivers and springs.

GEOLOGICAL HISTORY OF THE BRITISH ISLES.

Professor Geikie's fifth lecture, given on Saturday last, the 5th inst., was devoted to the geological history of the British Isles. He commented on the appearance of the traces of the earliest land, which appears to have consisted of upheaved marine deposits, and referred to the abundant manifestations of the stratification having been greatly disturbed by primæval volcanic action, and the formation of the geographical features by the erosion of rivers and by the denudation caused by atmospheric influences. He noticed also the discovery of coloured shells, which do not occur in deep-sea deposits. Referring, then, to a fine geological map, he pointed out the locality of the various stratified rocks occurring in the British Isles, in the following order, commenting on their character and peculiarities: the Archæan in the north-west of Scotland forming nearly the whole of the outer Hebrides, &c.; the Cambrian in Wales, &c.; the Silurian in Wales and the border counties of England; the Devonian in Devon and Cornwall; the Old Red Sandstone in the north of Scotland; the Carboniferous or coal formation in the heart of England and Ireland, &c.; the Permian in north-east England; the Triassic in the low plains of central England; the Jurassic stretching from the Tees to Dorset; the Cretaceous or chalk in the south of England and the Isle of Wight. Allusions were also made to the remains of the fauna and flora, and human beings who dwelt in Ancient Britain.

The City and Guilds of London Institute have decided to make a grant of £300 a year for five years for the purpose of supporting a chair of mechanical engineering in connection with Firth College, Sheffield.